

# SMASH



AUGUST  
No. 54

# COMICS

10¢

WHEN  
**MIDNIGHT**  
MEETS  
HAMMER-HEAD  
HORGAN  
AND  
SMEAR-FACE  
SCHMALZ,  
THE FUR FLIES!



AL BRYANT



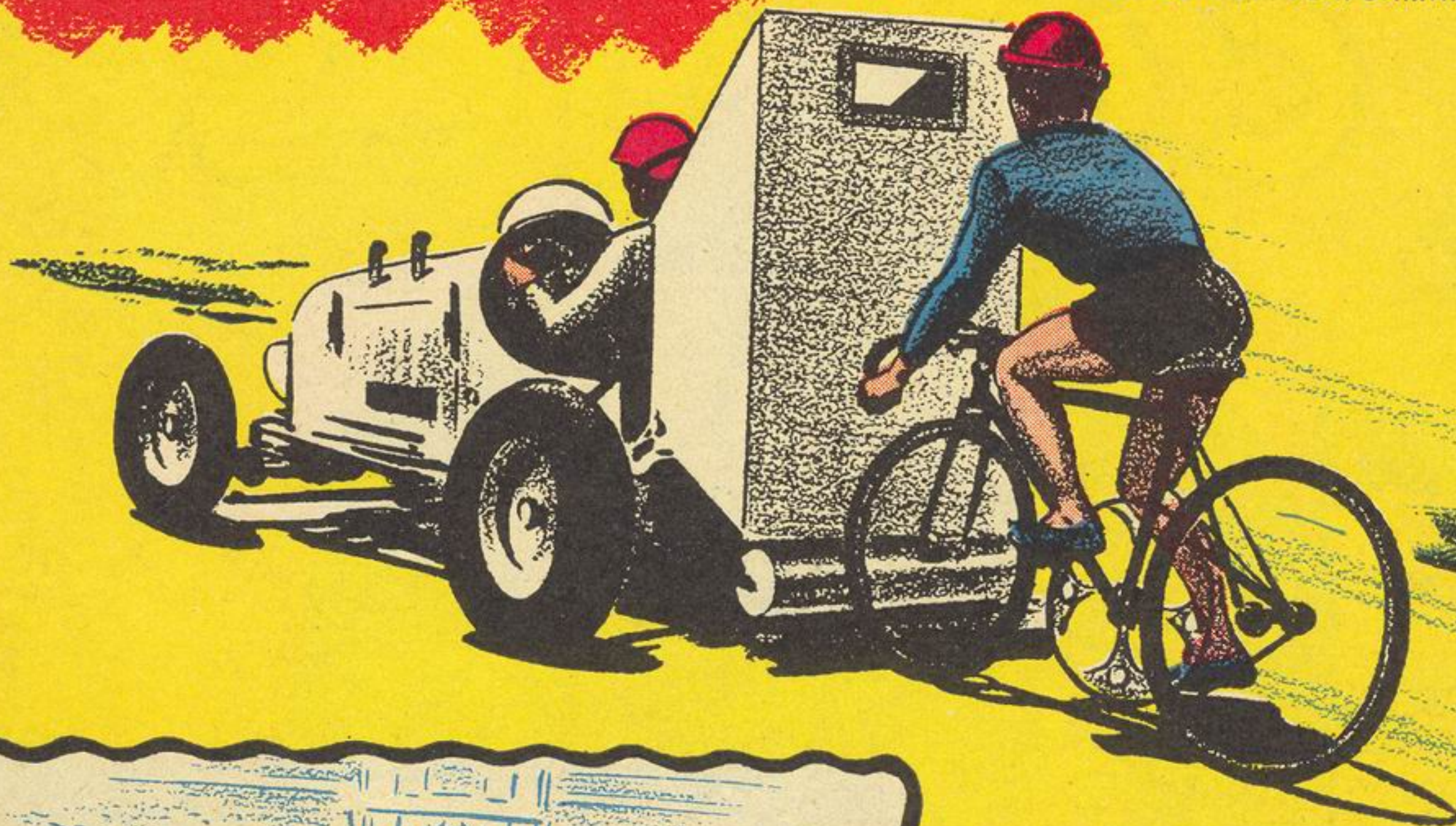


WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



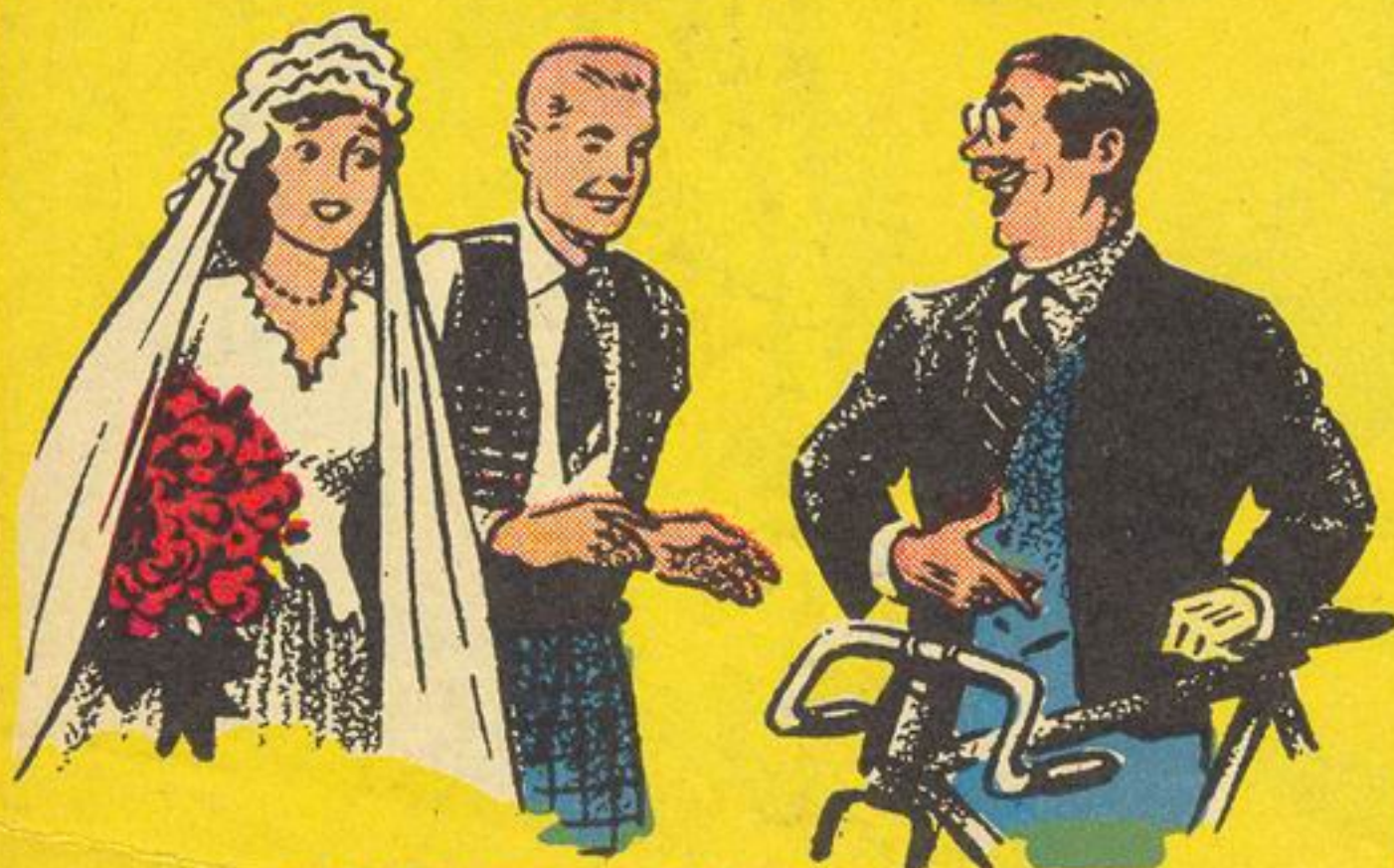
# BIKE-OLOGY

**108.92 MILES AN HOUR-** ON MAY 17, 1941, ALFRED LETOURNEUR, RIDING BEHIND A FAST AUTOMOBILE, COVERED A MILE IN A FRACTION OVER 33 SECONDS, AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 108.92 MILES PER HOUR. A SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED WIND-BREAKING SHIELD HELPED LETOURNEUR IN TURNING IN HIS BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE.

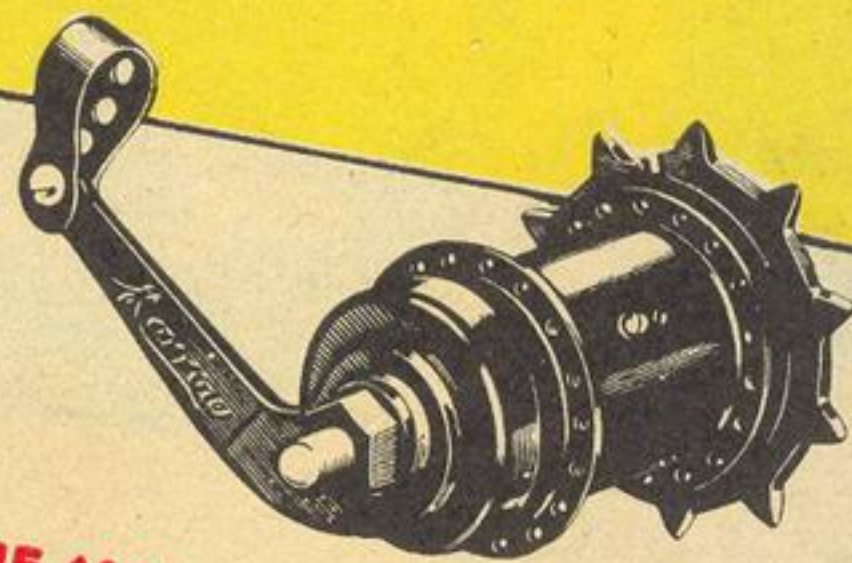


## THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL 6-DAY BIKE RACE

WAS HELD IN THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1891. THE INTREPID ANKLERS OF THOSE DAYS DID THEIR RACING ATOP WOBBLY HIGH WHEEL BIKES, WHICH WAS SOMETHING OF A CYCLING FEAT IN ITSELF.



**VOLENDAM, HOLLAND** - IT FORMERLY WAS THE CUSTOM IN THIS QUIANT DUTCH TOWN, AFTER A WEDDING CEREMONY, FOR THE BRIDE'S FATHER TO PRESENT THE GROOM WITH A BRAND-NEW BICYCLE AS A TOKEN OF HIS APPRECIATION.



## THE MORROW\* COASTER BRAKE

HAS PLAYED A VITAL ROLE DURING ALMOST A HALF CENTURY OF BICYCLING HISTORY WITH OUR ARMED FORCES IT HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW". MAKE SURE THE NEW BICYCLE YOU'LL BE GETTING IS EQUIPPED WITH "MORROW."

THE INVISIBLE CREW  
Precision  
Equipment by **Bendix**  
Aviation Corporation

**ECLIPSE MACHINE  
DIVISION**

\* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION.



# MIDNIGHT

HE  
DONE IT!

by  
PAUL  
GUSTAVSON



HERE MAY NOT BE HONOR AMONG THIEVES ANY MORE, BUT THERE IS SOMETIMES SENTIMENT AMONG CROOKS! TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE PATHETIC CASE OF **HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN** AND **SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ** AND WHAT A LITTLE MATTER OF MUTUAL BIRTHDAYS DID TO THEIR BLOOD FEUD!

IT WAS A MESS WHICH HAD EVEN **MIDNIGHT DIZZY** BEFORE IT ENDED -- AS USUAL -- WITH THE PARTIES OF THE FIRST PART FIRMLY ENTRENCHED BEHIND THE WELL-KNOWN EIGHT-BALL!!





SMASH COMICS

**A** STORY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE, SO LET'S START THIS ONE ON THE CORNER OF FIRST AND MAIN STREETS, ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON...

**T**OWARD THE FATEFUL CORNER FROM MAIN COME SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ AND HIS BODYGUARD ....

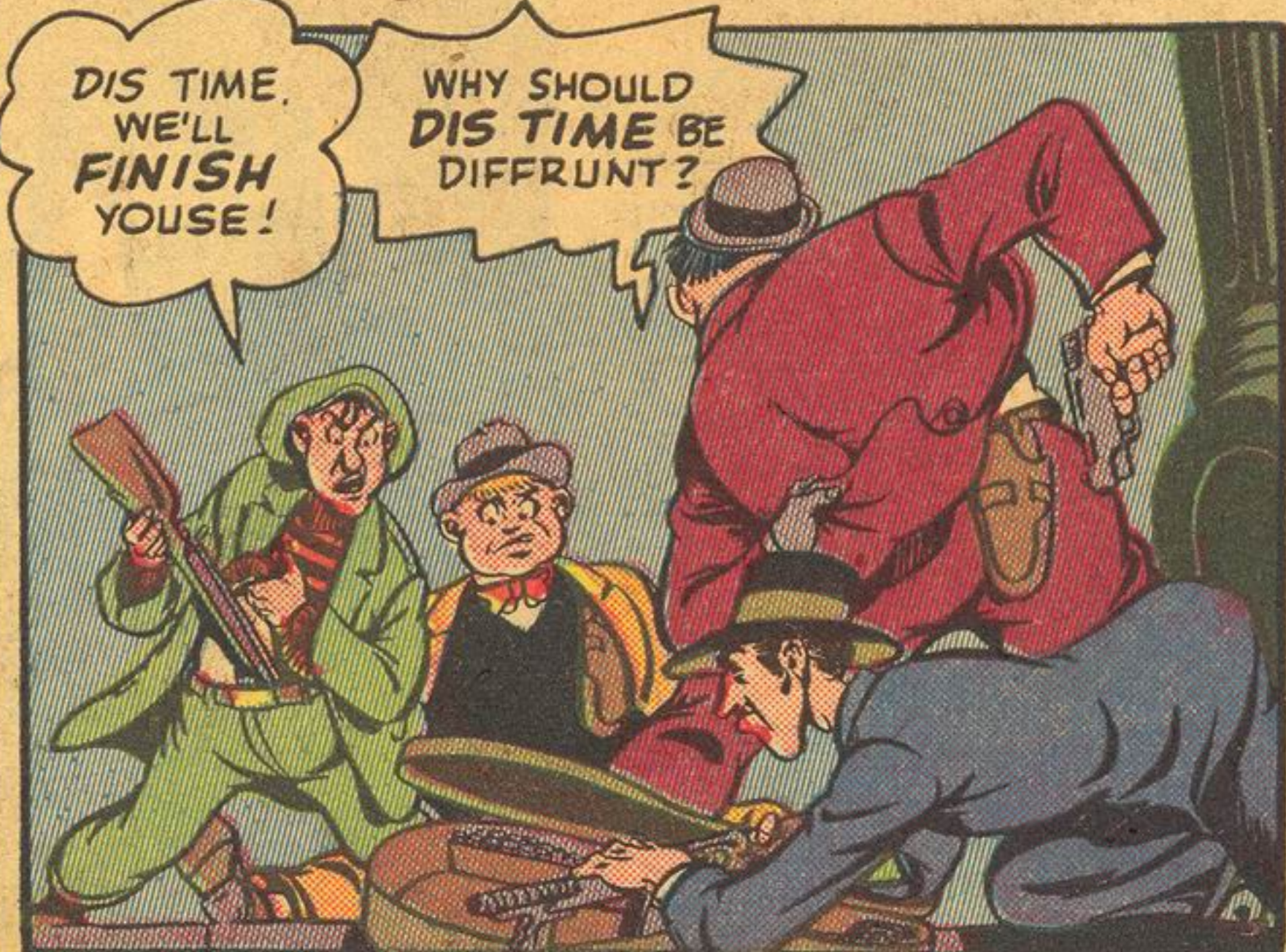
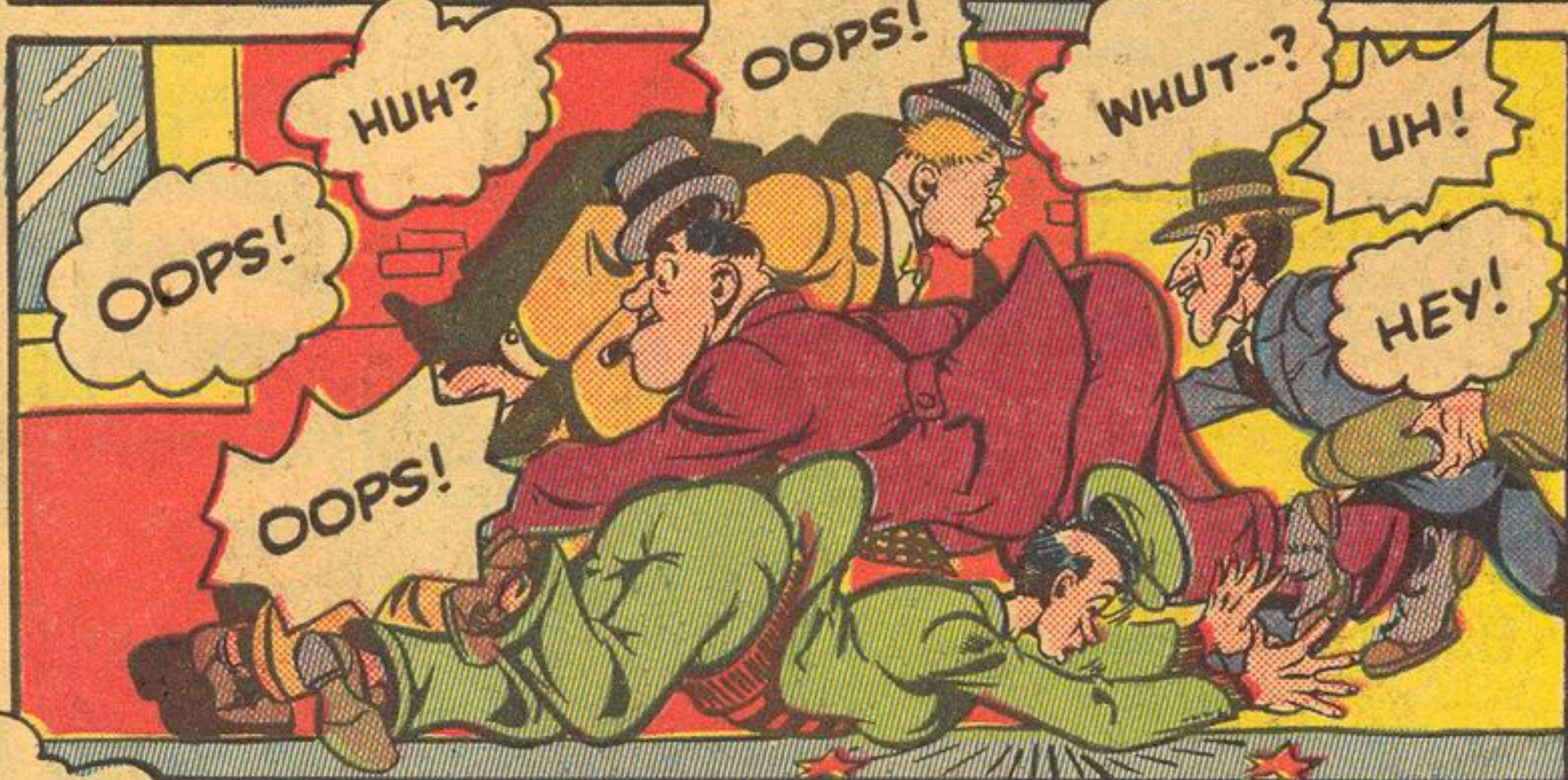
**W**HILE, TOWARD THE SAME CORNER --ALONG FIRST-- COME HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN AND HIS BODYGUARD ....

AH, *BLUBBER*... WHAT A GRAND DAY! I AIN'T MAD AT ANYBODY IN DA WOILD T'DAY... EXCEPT, O'COURSE, HAMMER-HEAD HORGAN!

O' COURSE, BOSS!... DAT HEEL---

WOTTA DAY, BUMPS! LET'S NOT KNOCK OFF ANYBODY T'DAY-- EXCEPTIN' DAT SMEAR-FACE SCHMALZ!

HIM I'D LIKE TO KNOCK OFF, EVEN ON CHRISTMAS!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE NEARBY RADIO STATION WHERE ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK IS AT WORK ...

DAVE!!  
SMEAR-FACE  
SCHMALZ AND  
HAMMER-HEAD  
HORGAN AND THEIR  
BODYGUARDS ARE  
SHOOTIN' IT OUT,  
DOWN ON THE  
CORNER! ...

WOW!

SO FAR  
NOBODY'S  
WON ANY  
CIGARS--  
BUT----

THIS IS A JOB FOR  
MIDNIGHT! THOSE  
TWO YEGGS HAVE  
BEEN FEUDING FOR  
MONTHS, NOW----

WHY DONTCHA  
LET 'EM FINISH EACH  
OTHER OFF? WHO'D  
MISS 'EM? ...

PUNT  
FORMATION!

I'M IN  
THE  
TAIL-BACK  
POSITION!

DON'T BE  
AFRAID! WHEN  
THEY SEE US,  
THEY'LL START  
SHOOTING AT US,  
AND THEY NEVER  
HIT WHAT THEY  
SHOOT AT!--

BECAUSE  
THEY NEVER HIT  
EACH OTHER!--  
ONLY INNOCENT  
BYSTANDERS!  
LET'S CLEAN  
HOUSE,  
GANG!

ER--ER---  
YOU GO FIRST,  
MIDNIGHT!--  
I'LL BE  
BEHIND  
YOU!

CONTACT!

EEEEEEOWW!

"SMEAR-FACE!" ... YOUR  
NAME SOUNDS LIKE  
AN INVITATION  
TO ME!





I'M SCRAMMIN'!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH O' DIS!

A POIFECT HIDEOUT!

NOBODY'D EVER T'INK O' LOOKIN' IN HERE!



ULP! SMEAR-FACE!

GULP! HAMMER-HEAD!

DIS TIME, I'M GONNA FINISH YOU AN' TAKE OVER TH' WHOLE CITY!

DA WHOLE CEMETERY IS WHAT YOU'LL GET, WHEN --- HEY!... WAIT!



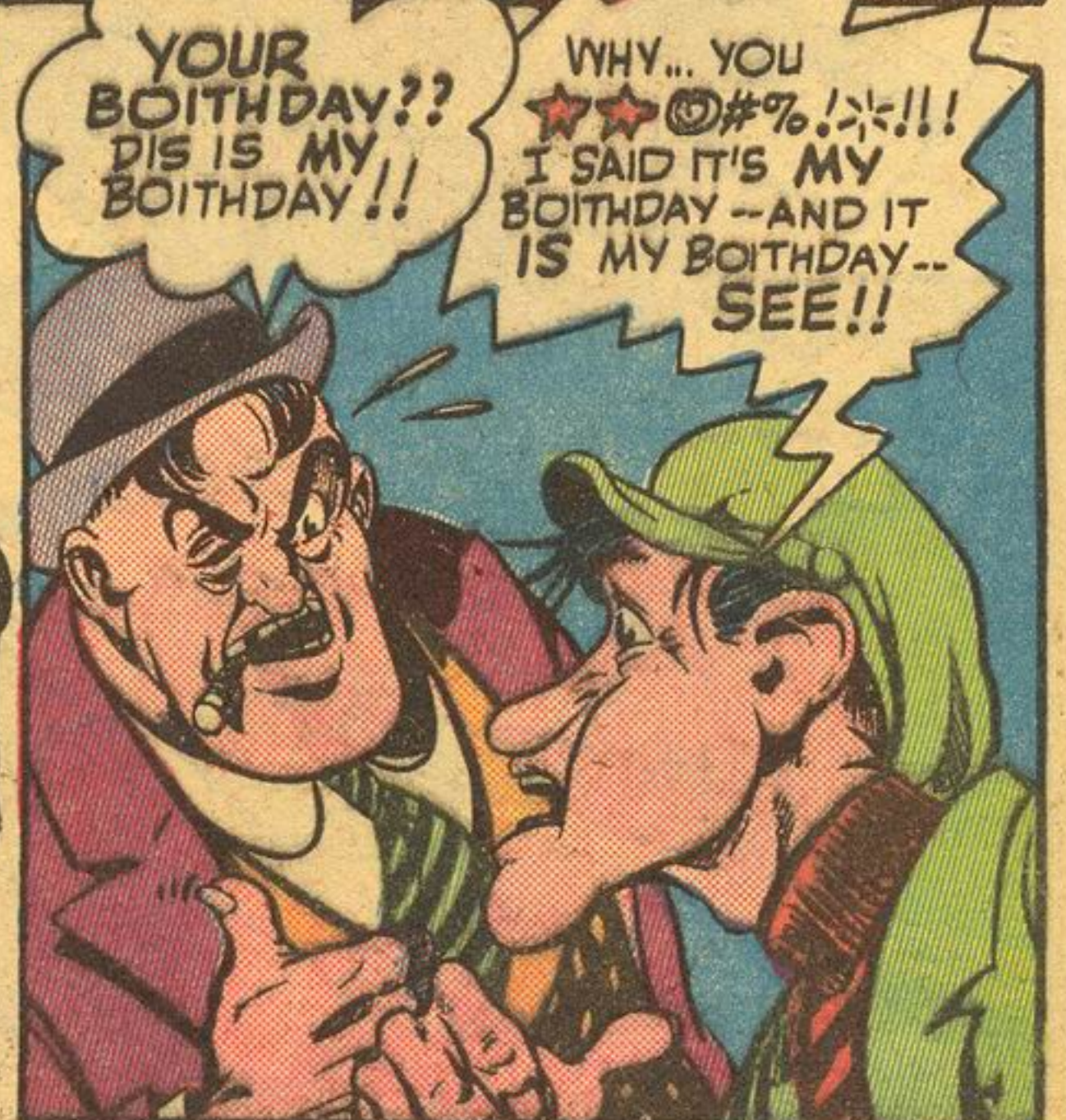
IF WE START SHOOTIN', MIDNIGHT'LL HEAR US!

DAT'S RIGHT! MEBBE WE COULD DECLARE AN ARMISTISS-- SORTA...!



WOTTA TOUGH BREAK! -- AN' ON MY BOITHDAY, TOO!

YEAH!... JEST WHEN I WAS GONNA CELEBRATE BY MOPPIN' UP WIT' YOU --- HUH?? ---



YOUR BOITHDAY?? DIS IS MY BOITHDAY!!

WHY... YOU ★★@#%!!&!!! I SAID IT'S MY BOITHDAY -- AND IT IS MY BOITHDAY -- SEE!!





DIS IS DA  
LAST STRAWR!  
I'M  
GONNA---

YOU'RE  
GONNA??...  
I'M GONNA -----  
WAIT!! I'VE  
GOT IT,  
HAMMER-  
HEAD!



IT'S BOT' OUR  
BOITHDAYS,  
SEE? DERE  
AIN'T NO LAW  
AGAINST OUR  
HAVIN' 'EM ON  
THE SAME  
DAY!!

WELL,  
FER---!  
DERE AIN'T,  
IS  
DERE?

DAT  
MAKES  
US  
PRACTICALLY  
BRUDDERS!

CAN YUH BEAT  
DAT! WE GOT  
SUMP'N IN  
COMMON  
BESIDES  
MIDNIGHT  
FER A ENEMY!  
I GOTTA  
IDEA!!



LET'S ME AN'  
YOU BURY TH'  
HATCHET FER  
TODAY--AN'  
CELEBRATE  
OUR  
BOITHDAYS  
TOGEDDER!

DA VERY IDEA I  
HAD, HAMMER-HEAD!  
CHERE! WE C'N  
SNEAK OUT DA  
BACK WAY AN'  
GO TO A JERNT  
I KNOWS---



IT SURE IS  
A SWELL  
WOILD,  
AIN'T IT  
SMEAR-  
FACE?

IT SOITAINLY  
IS HAMMER-  
HEAD! IT  
SOITAINLY  
IS!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON  
THE CORNER OF  
FIRST AND MAIN...

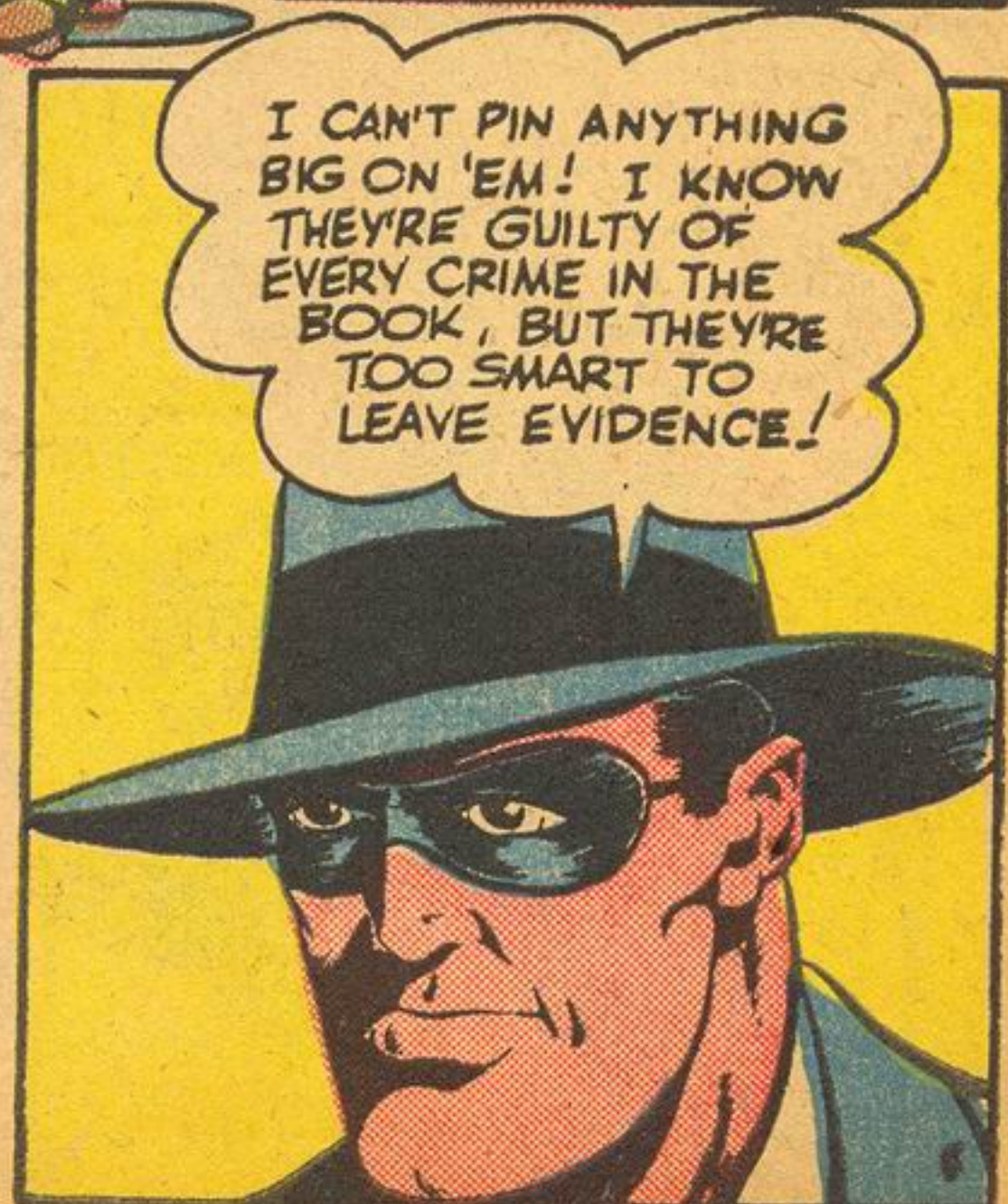
BOY--  
WE SURE  
PULVERIZED  
THOSE  
PANTY-  
WAISTS,  
DIDN'T  
WE?

YEAH--BUT  
THE RATS  
GOT AWAY  
AGAIN! -- I  
WAS A SAP  
TO TURN MY  
BACK ON  
THEM!



NUTS! ID  
HAVE GIVEN MY  
LEFT ADENOID TO  
NAIL THOSE TWO  
BIRDS TO THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR  
FOR KEEPS!

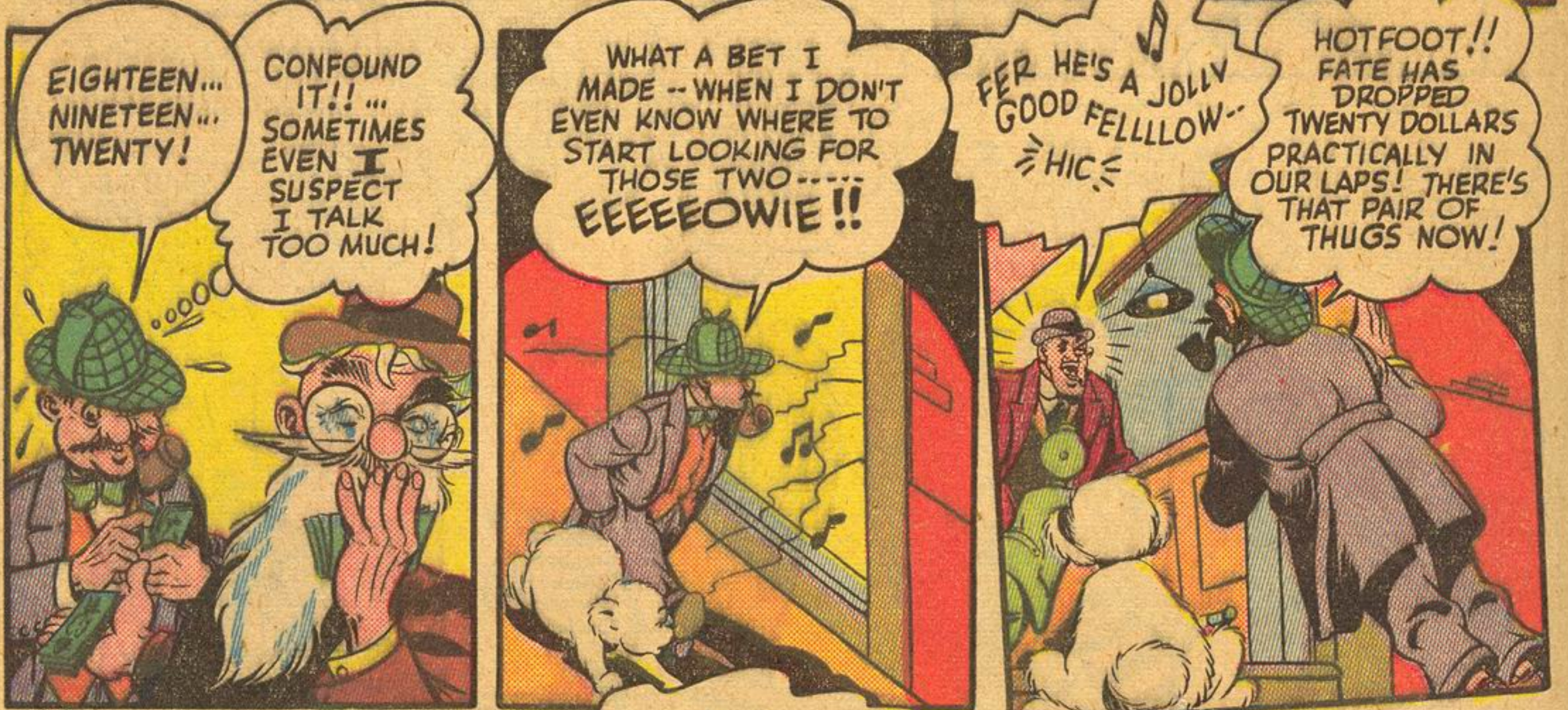
WELL ... WHY  
DON'T YOU?  
CAN'T YOU  
CATCH  
'EM?



I CAN'T PIN ANYTHING  
BIG ON 'EM! I KNOW  
THEY'RE GUILTY OF  
EVERY CRIME IN THE  
BOOK, BUT THEY'RE  
TOO SMART TO  
LEAVE EVIDENCE!



SMASH COMICS



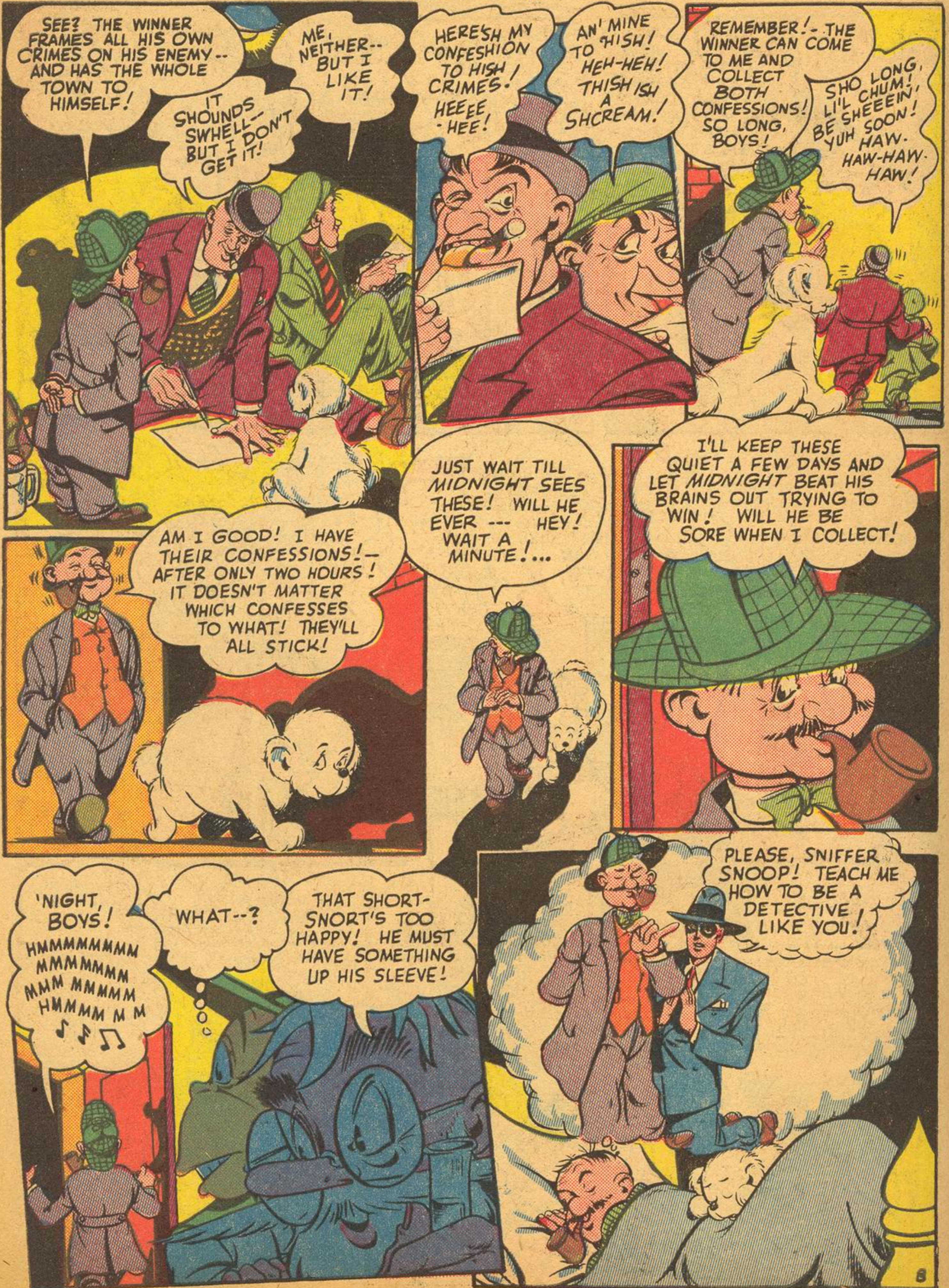


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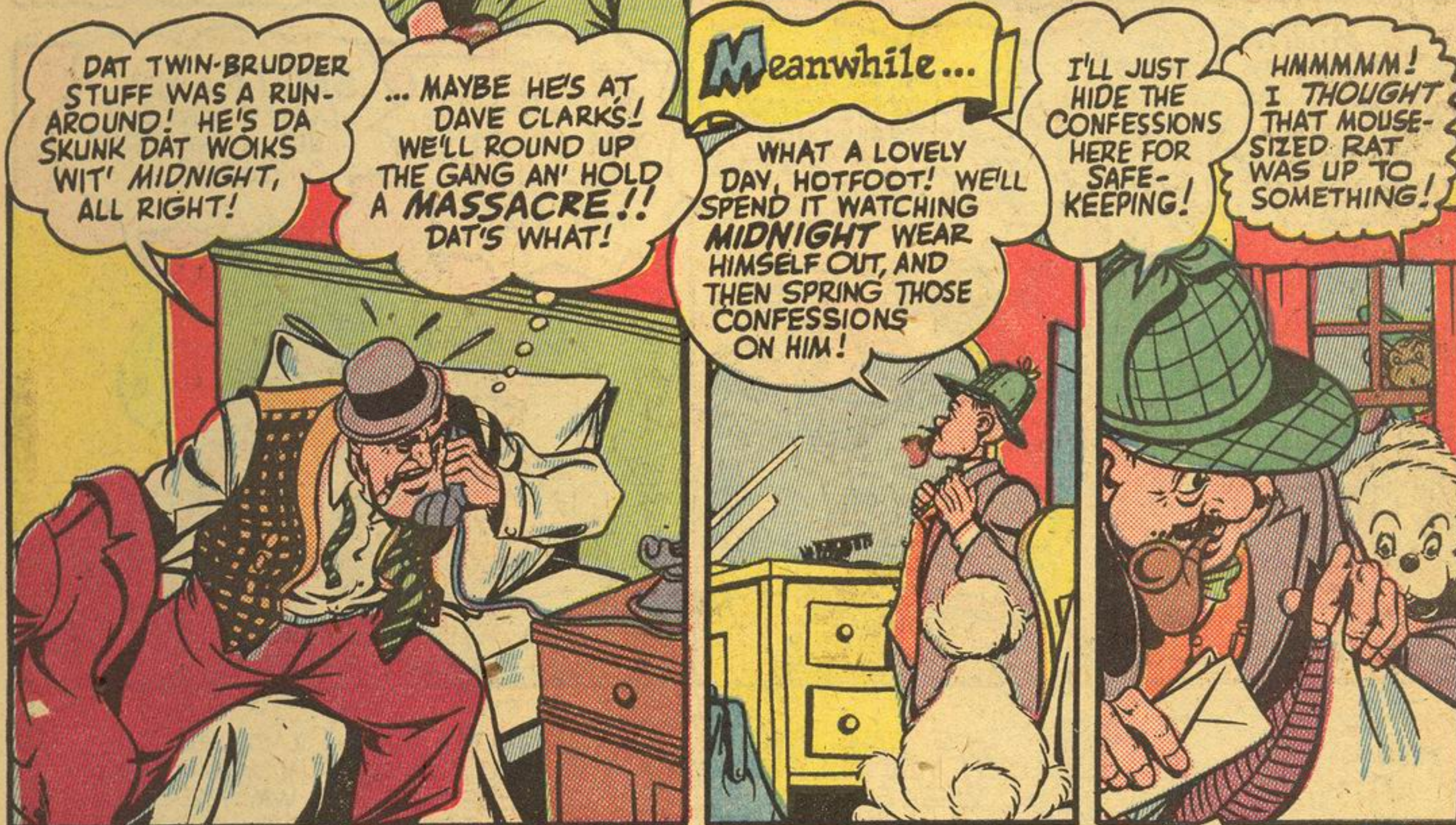
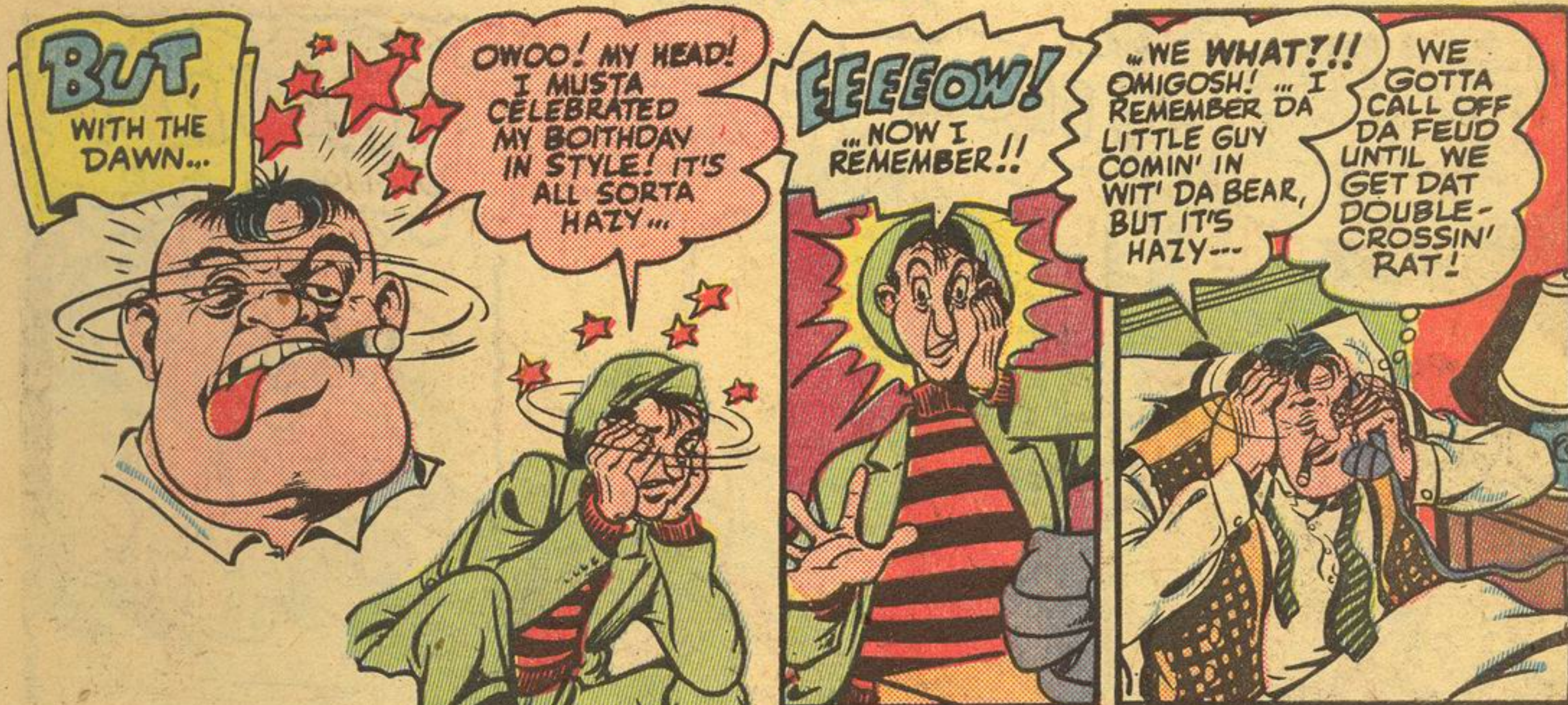




SMASH COMICS









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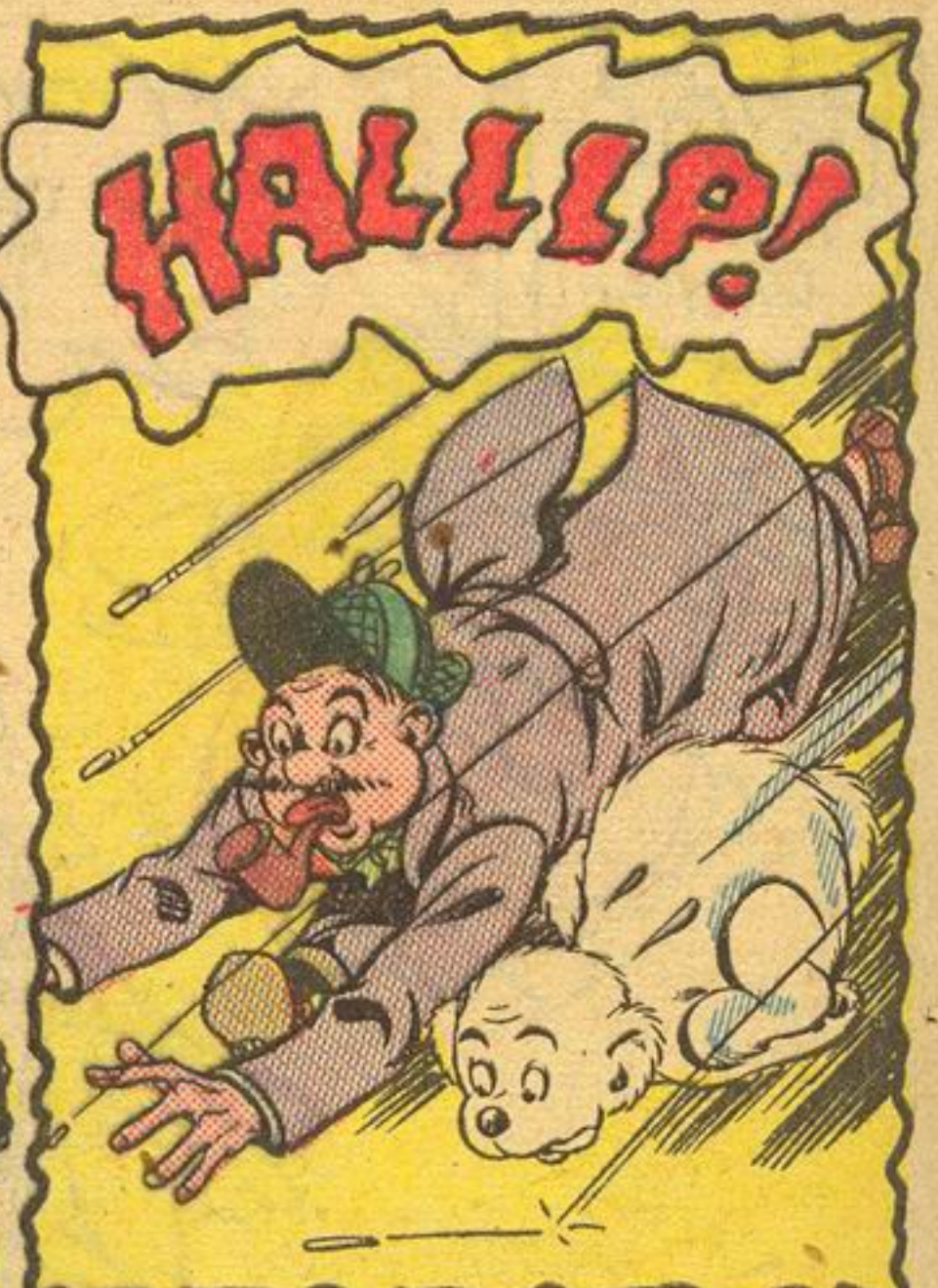


SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I THINK WE'LL TAKE A WALK! ... HOTFOOT! QUIT GRABBING AT MY LEG!

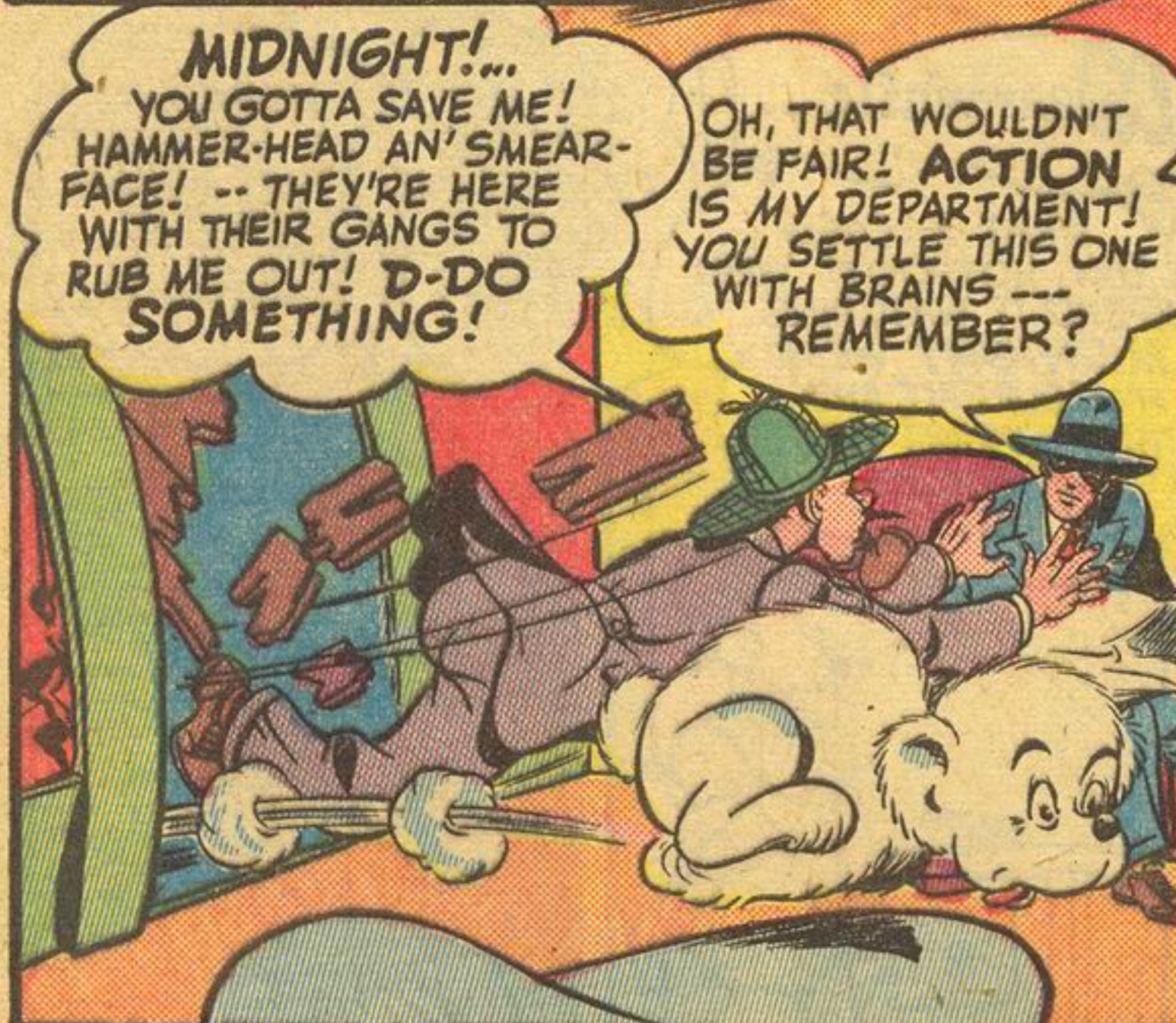


EEOW!

DAT'S DA EGG! ... GET HIM!!



HALLIP!



MIDNIGHT! ... YOU GOTTA SAVE ME! HAMMER-HEAD AN' SMEAR-FACE! -- THEY'RE HERE WITH THEIR GANGS TO RUB ME OUT! D-DO SOMETHING!

OH, THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR! ACTION IS MY DEPARTMENT! YOU SETTLE THIS ONE WITH BRAINS --- REMEMBER?

B-BUT MIDNIGHT... I'M SHOT!! TH-THEY HIT ME!

SHOT? ... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?



YII-III-I-I-I-KE! MIDNIGHT!

THIS TIME, I'VE GOT YOU GUYS RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU!

EEEEOW! GET DIS ANIMAL OFFA ME!

WHO'S AN ANIMAL, YOU SNAKE-EYED SKUNK?

THIS IS THE BREAK OF A LIFETIME! SOMEBODY CALL A DOCTOR! QUICK!

I CALLED ONE! ... MIDNIGHT, THE WAY YOU SPRANG TO MY DEFENSE MAKES ME ALMOST SORRY I BEAT YOU IN OUR CONTEST!





SMASH COMICS



BEAT ME? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ... I NAILED THESE TWO ... WITH ACTION!

BUT TOO LATE, SON! READ THESE AND WEEP!



WO-HO-HO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE CATCH IS -- BUT THIS IS A SCREAM!

WHA-A-AT? GIMME THOSE CONFESSIONS!



THEY'RE -- BLANKS ??



I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED! ... IT'S A DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSS! I'LL ... OWW! OWITCH!

HA-HA-HO-HO! RELAX, YOU GHOST DETECTIVE! THE DOCTOR'S HERE NOW!



WHAT A DETECTIVE! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT AN UNCORROBORATED CONFESSION WITHOUT WITNESSES ISN'T WORTH A CENT IN COURT?

YEAH? OWITCH! I DON'T.. OW-- SEE THAT YOU-- OOOHH! --GOT ANY-- OUCH!.. EVIDENCE!

NO? THESE SLUGS FROM THEIR GUNS, TAKEN OUT OF YOUR --ER-- BODY, ARE EVIDENCE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER! THEY'LL GET PLENTY FOR THIS!

YOU DIRTY CROOK! YOU LET ME GO AHEAD AND COLLECT THE EVIDENCE FOR YOU!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THIS CONTEST IS A DRAW! ... WE PROVED THAT CRIME DETECTION TAKES BOTH BRAINS AND FISTS TO BE SUCCESSFUL!

I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

SORRY, BOYS!



I KNEW IT WOULD END THIS WAY, SO I INVESTED IN A WAR BOND FOR EACH OF YOU AND SPENT THE CHANGE ON A CELEBRATION DINNER FOR TONIGHT!

NOW THERE'S THE IDEAL COMBINATION OF CLEVERNESS AND ACTION!

I AGREE!



# Rookie RANKIN

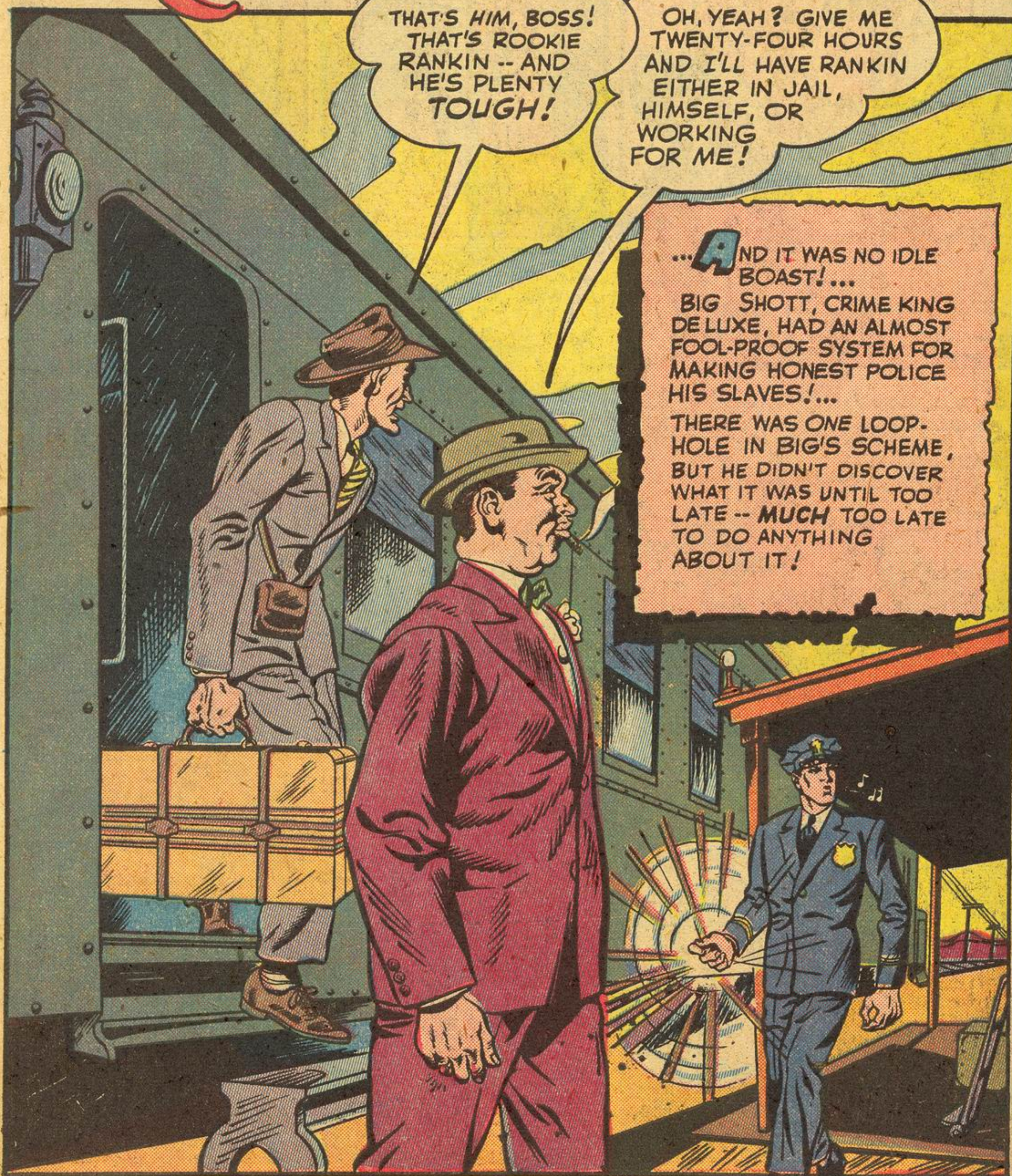
THAT'S HIM, BOSS!  
THAT'S ROOKIE  
RANKIN -- AND  
HE'S PLENTY  
TOUGH!

OH, YEAH? GIVE ME  
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  
AND I'LL HAVE RANKIN  
EITHER IN JAIL,  
HIMSELF, OR  
WORKING  
FOR ME!

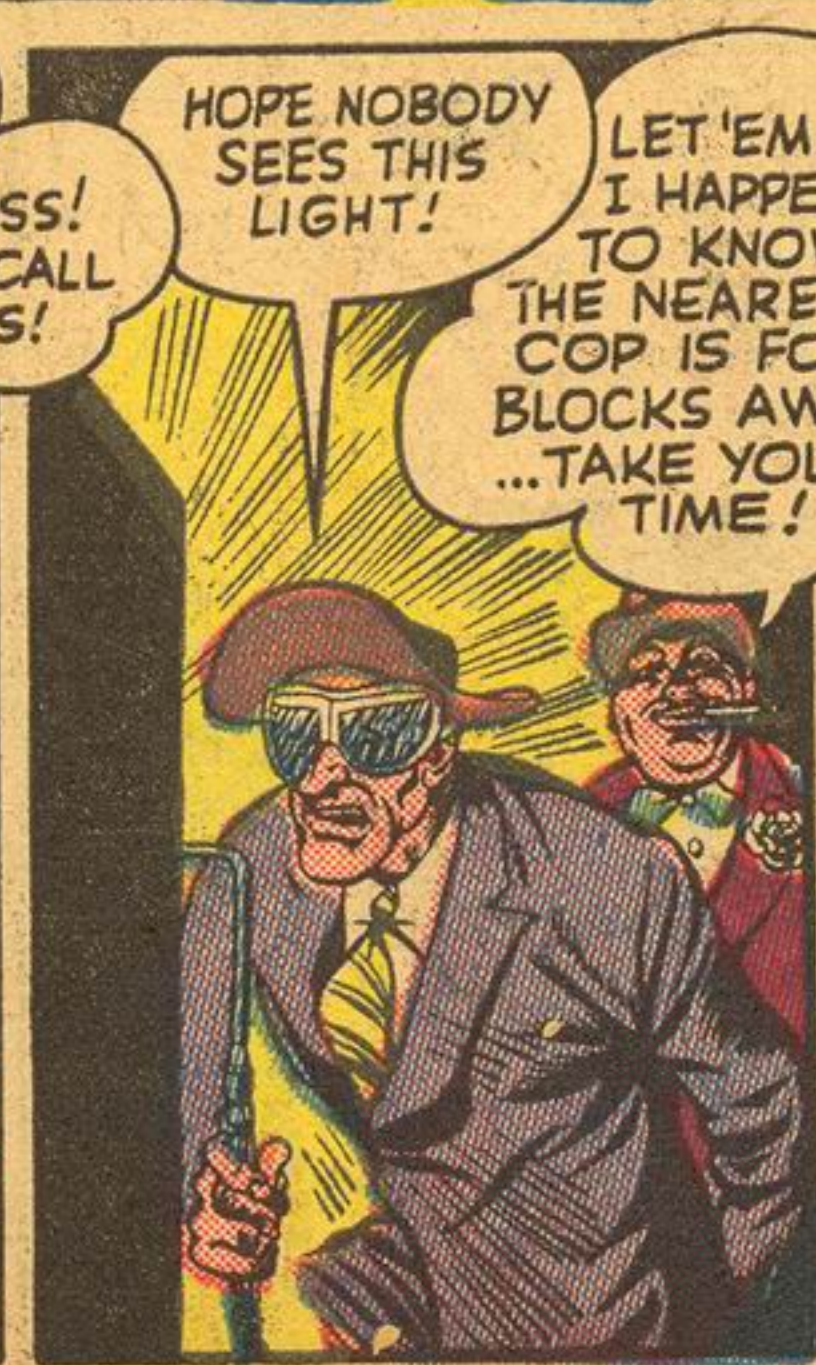
...**A**ND IT WAS NO IDLE  
BOAST!...

BIG SHOTT, CRIME KING  
DE LUXE, HAD AN ALMOST  
FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM FOR  
MAKING HONEST POLICE  
HIS SLAVES!...

THERE WAS ONE LOOP-  
HOLE IN BIG'S SCHEME,  
BUT HE DIDN'T DISCOVER  
WHAT IT WAS UNTIL TOO  
LATE -- **MUCH** TOO LATE  
TO DO ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT!









# SMASH COMICS



NO SIGNS OF RANKIN YET!

I TOLD YOU -- VELVET AND AL WILL KEEP HIM HUNTING FOR 'EM! PLENTY LONG.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ACROSS THE STREET...

MARTHY! CALL THE POLICE! QUICK! ROBBERS JUST LEAVIN' TH' GEM JEWELRY SHOP!

GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW, SAM! YOU WANT 'EM TO SHOOT YOU? OPERATOR.. OPERATOR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD HAVE VANISHED SO QUICKLY! I'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE BUILDING!



I'LL SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM AND -- GULP -- CHIEF!

I HOPE YOU HAVE A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION OF YOUR ABSENCE, RANKIN!



A--A-- ROBBERY!!

AMAZING DEDUCTION! A ROBBERY IN A STORE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING! WHERE WERE YOU?



EVEN TO HIS OWN EARS, ROOKIE'S EXPLANATION SOUNDS WEAK!

AND I HUNTED THROUGH THE WHOLE BUILDING WITHOUT FINDING THEM! IT'S STRANGE!

VERY STRANGE! NOBODY ELSE REPORTED ANY KIDNAPPINGS!



SO STRANGE THAT IF IT WERE ANYONE ELSE -- I'D SUSPECT YOU'D BEEN BRIBED TO BE GONE FROM YOUR BEAT AT THIS TIME!

BRIBED? YOU THINK I TOOK DIRTY MONEY FROM CROOKS?



I DON'T THINK! YOU MAY CONSIDER YOURSELF SUSPENDED FOR TEN DAYS WHILE WE INVESTIGATE! DISMISSED, RANKIN!

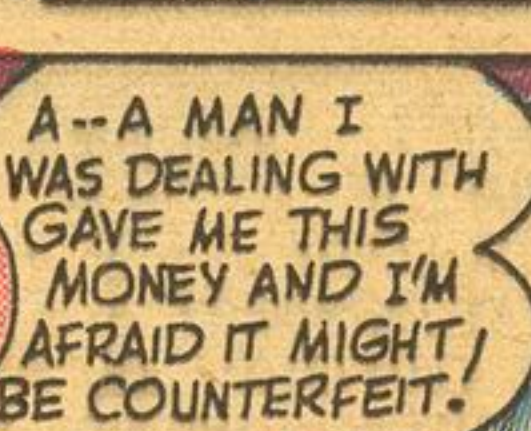
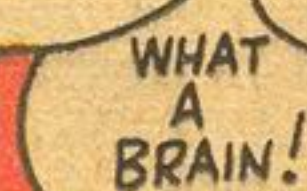
...B-BUT CHIEF -- I -- ER...



I'VE BEEN FRAMED! IT WAS ALL A DIRTY FRAME-UP!

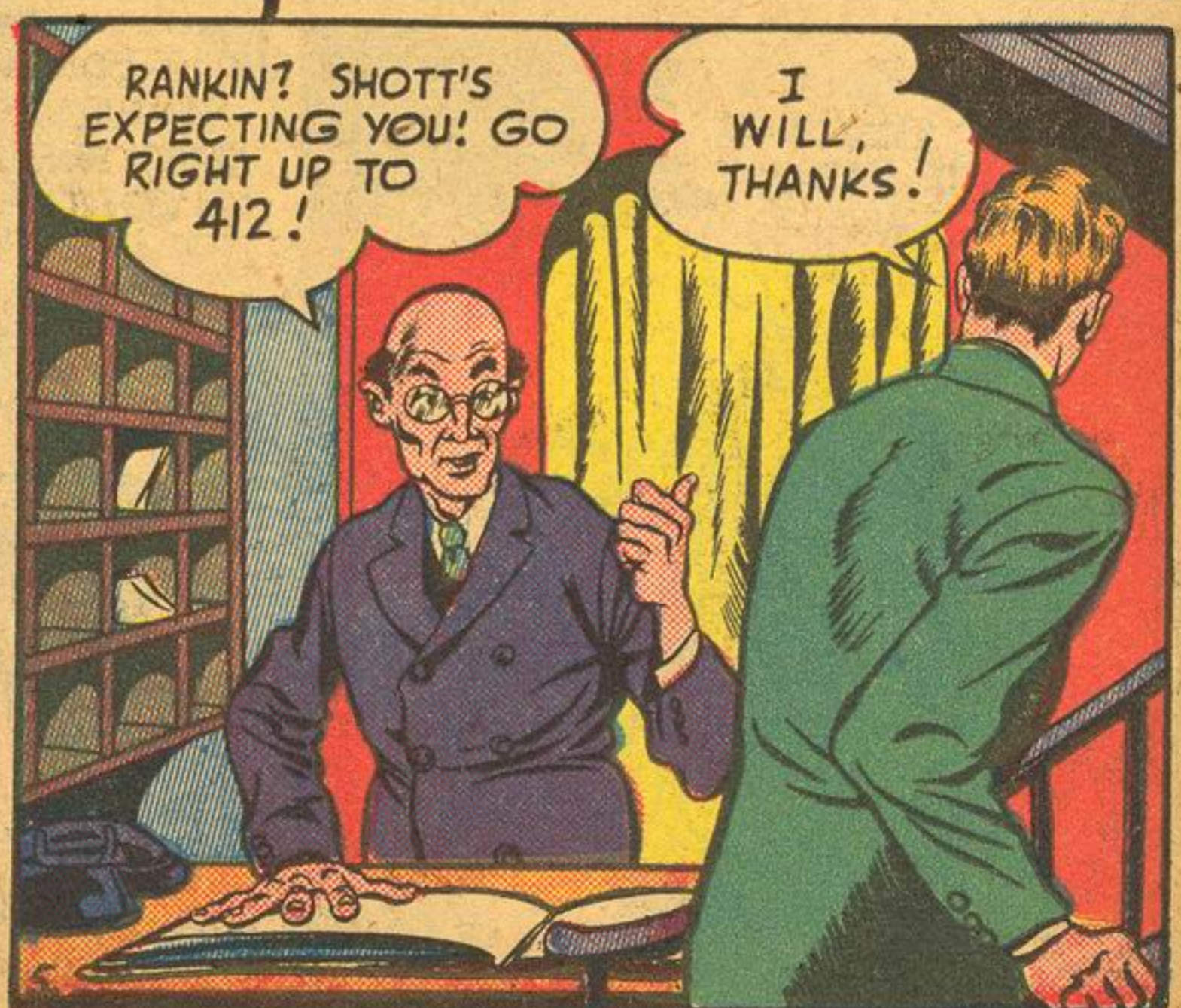
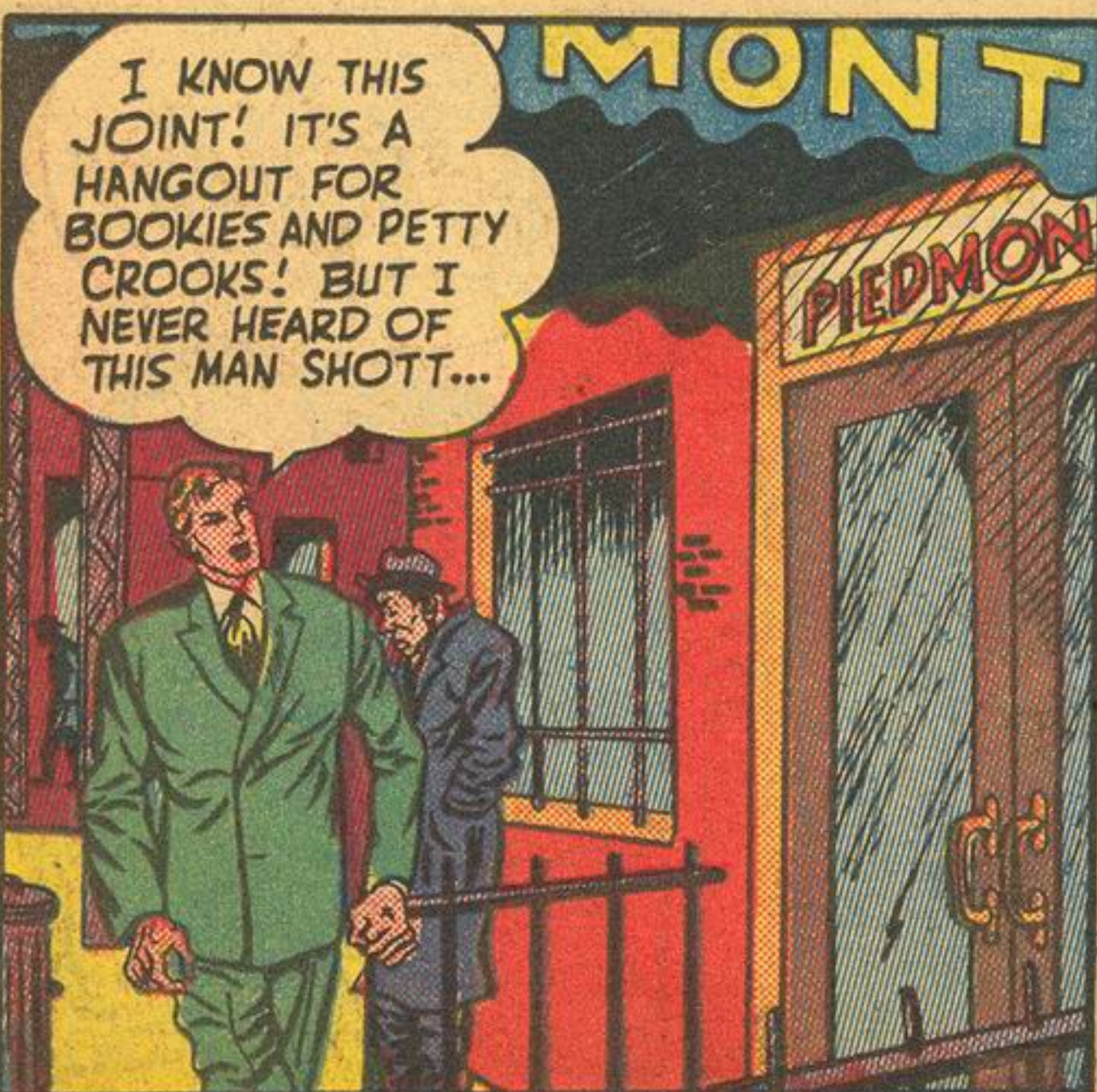


SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS











WE'LL DIG UP A WITNESS AND SQUARE LAST NIGHT! ALL YOU DO IS PLAY ALONG, HELP US SWING SOME GOOD JOBS ON YOUR BEAT!

B-BUT I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER BEEN CROOKED! I CAN'T LET YOU ROB PEOPLE I'M PAID TO PROTECT!



DON'T WORRY, RANKIN! WALK AROUND -- THINK IT OVER! YOU GOT TILL TONIGHT TO DECIDE! BUT IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FUNNY ---

I KNOW--- YOU'LL TURN THAT PHOTO OVER TO THE CHIEF! ALL RIGHT, SHOTT-- I'LL LET YOU KNOW!



WHAT A JAM! IF I MAKE A SINGLE WRONG MOVE, THEY'LL SEND THAT PHOTO TO THE CHIEF -- AND I'LL GO TO PRISON SURE! I'M LICKED!



WAIT! EITHER WAY, I'M SUNK! MY CAREER AS A COP IS OVER, ANYHOW! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO LOSE -- I'M ALREADY LOST! AND I DON'T HAVE TO STICK TO RULES, BECAUSE I'M NOT A COP! I'LL FIX THEIR GAME!...



JUST A MINUTE, RANKIN! YOU CAN'T GO UP UNTIL I ANNOUNCE YOU!

OH, YEAH?



I'M GOING UP -- UNANNOUNCED! AND DON'T ASK FOR MY WARRANT! I'M NOT A COP NOW, SO I DON'T NEED ONE!



SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!



JUST IN CASE YOU WAKE UP AND GET IDEAS.

R-R-RIP!







SMASH COMICS

# Espionage

By  
DON  
RICO

**T**O THE HEART OF THE LAND RULED BY THE CRUEL OPPRESSORS, GOES THE MASTER SPY OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND UPSETS THE MOST HEARTLESS AND CUNNING OF THEIR PROJECTS!

STARRING  
**Black X**

*Another  
Tale of  
Fate-  
Flouting  
Secret  
Service!*



**I**n the heart of invaded China...

**A**t the same hour, in the headquarters office of the Allies....

WHEN WE TOOK YOUR TOWN, YOU SET FIRE TO YOUR LABORATORY, DR. YONG! ... WHY?

TO DEFEAT YOU, INVADER DEVIL!

IN THE LABORATORY WAS A MODEL OF MY SECRET WEAPON! NOW YOU DON'T HAVE IT!

BUT WE HAVE YOU AND WE'LL TORTURE THE SECRET OUT OF YOU!

YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HANDLE THIS ASSIGNMENT, BLACK X!





# SMASH COMICS

YES, AND THE JAPS WILL TORTURE DR. YONG TO LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS WEAPON!

YOU MUST RESCUE HIM! WE'RE ORDERING A RETREAT, SO THE JAPS'LL MOVE UP AND YOU CAN GET BEHIND THEIR LINES!

CHOOSE WHATEVER MEN YOU'LL NEED!

TOO MANY MEN MIGHT BE A MISTAKE! I'LL TAKE ONLY BATU—AS USUAL!

MY THANKS, MASTER!

AND GROUND IS GIVEN UP SO THAT A VALUABLE LIFE MAY BE SAVED!

NEVER MIND WHY! ORDERS ARE TO RETREAT!

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D HAVE TO RUN FROM THOSE LITTLE MONKEYS!

LOOK! TWO OF THE FOREIGN ARMY STILL DEFY US!

NO! THEY'RE CIVILIAN CHINESE! ROUND THEM UP! ...

WE ARE ONLY PEACEFUL NONCOMBATANTS! WE DO NO HARM!

BUT YOU'RE BIG, STRONG MEN! YOU CAN SLAVE FOR US! TAKE THEM TO THE LABOR BATTALION!

ALL RIGHT, BATU! WE'RE CLEAR OF THE BATTLE ZONE! THERE IN THE DISTANCE IS THE TOWN WE SEEK!

THAT'S WHAT THE WESTERN WORLD CALLS TEAM WORK!

A FLAG OVER THAT BUILDING! IT MUST BE THE ENEMY HEADQUARTERS!







TURN OUT  
THE GUARD!  
DR. YONG IS  
ESCAPING  
UP THE  
MOUNTAIN!  
非虫非



HOSTS OF PURSUERS!  
--AND I'M TOO OLD  
FOR MOUNTAIN  
CLIMBING!



THERE HE IS.  
UP ABOVE!  
CLOSE IN!  
ON HIM!



NOW  
FOR A LITTLE  
HEALTHFUL  
EXERCISE!



THEY'LL NEVER  
SEE TOKYO  
AGAIN!



HELP!  
非豆非!!  
COME  
QUICKLY!  
ALL OF  
YOU!



NOW,  
DR. YONG--  
DO YOU  
BELIEVE  
WE'RE YOUR  
FRIENDS?

I THINK  
YOU SACRIFICED  
THOSE DOGS TO  
THROW ME OFF  
GUARD!



BUT I'LL NEVER  
TELL YOU OF  
MY SECRET  
WEAPON.











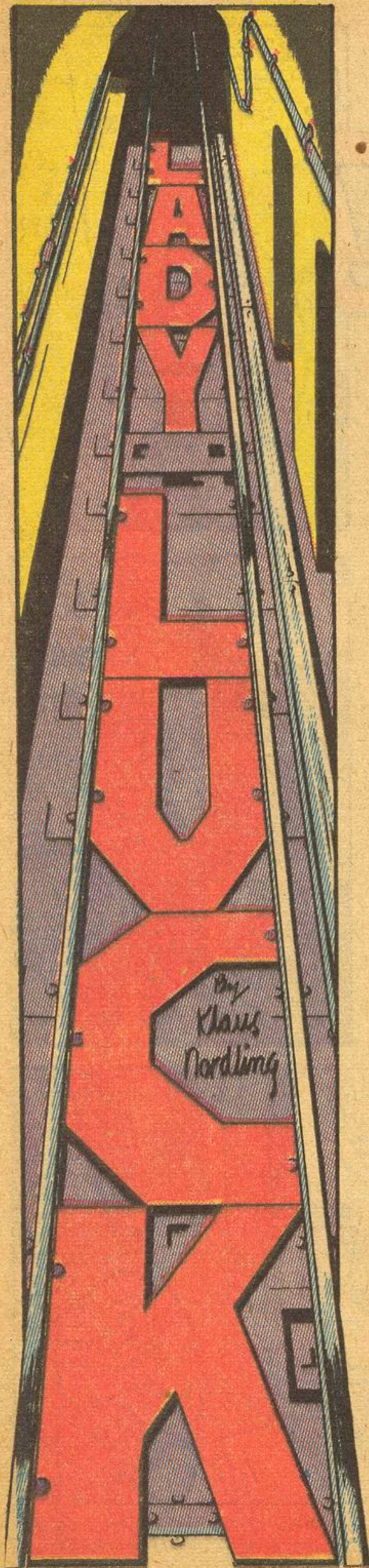




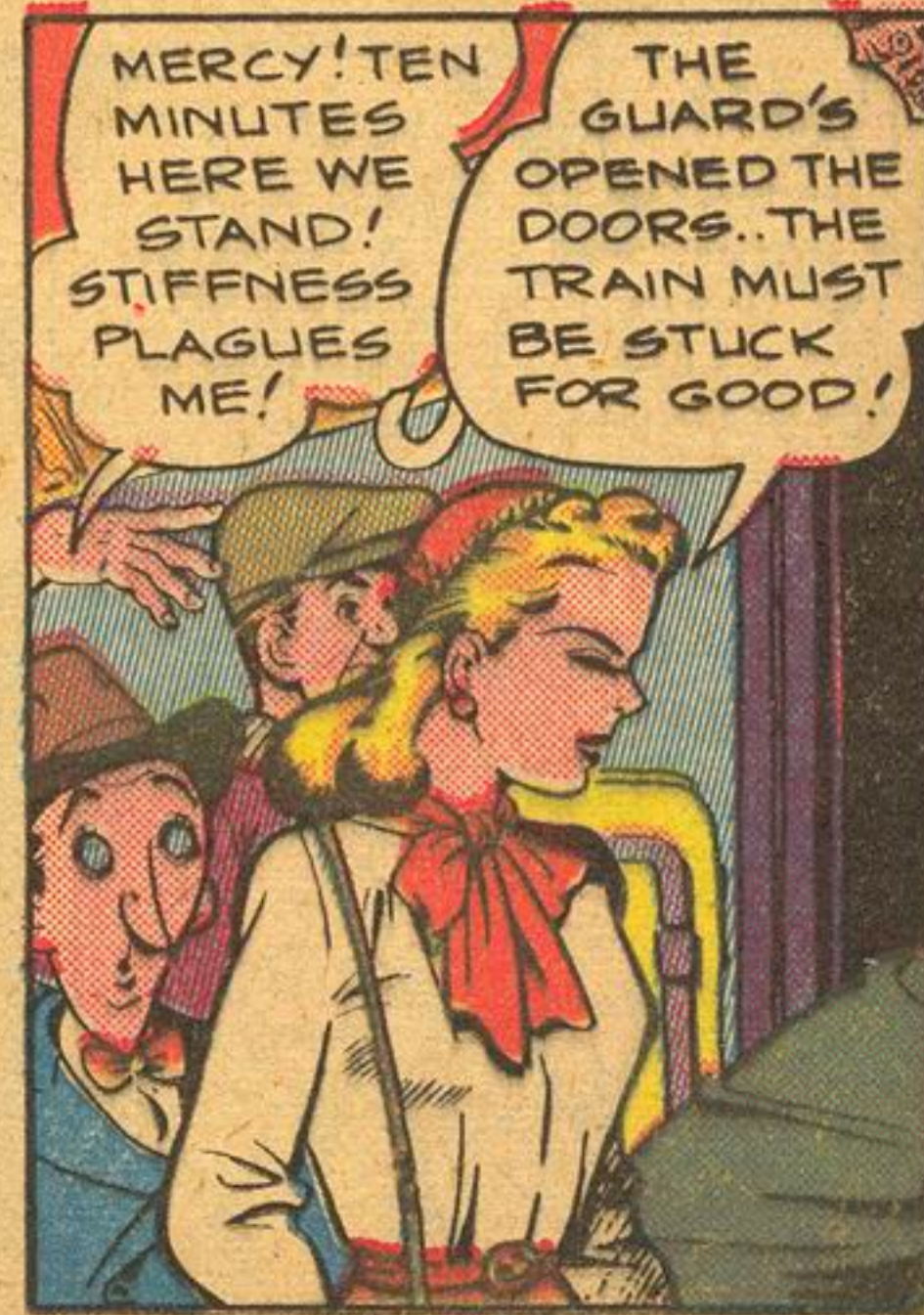








SMASH COMICS







STAY ON THE RAMP!... STATION'S HALF A MILE DOWN!...



NOW WHERE DID RAOUL GO? I THINK HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF LOST!

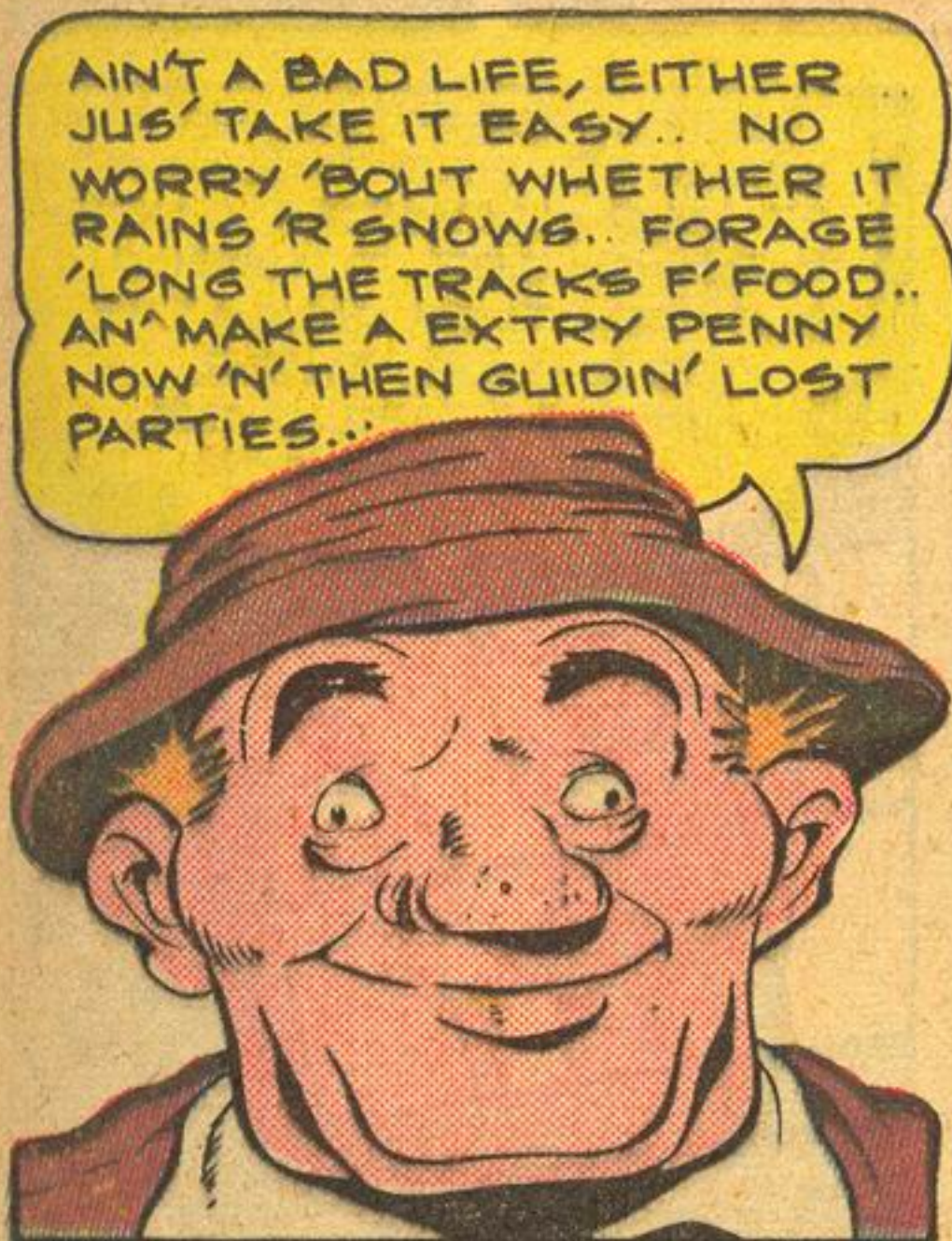


HULLO... LOOKIN' FOR YOUR FRIENDS?

FRIEND YOU MEAN, YES? SINGULAR!



OH, NO! THEY'RE ALL THERE... IN THE CONTROL HOUSE... YEP... KNOW MY WAY 'ROUND THESE HERE TUBES.. BEEN LIVIN' DOWN HERE TWELVE YEAR



AIN'T A BAD LIFE, EITHER JUS' TAKE IT EASY.. NO WORRY 'BOUT WHETHER IT RAINS 'R SNOWS.. FORAGE 'LONG THE TRACKS F' FOOD.. AN' MAKE A EXTRY PENNY NOW 'N' THEN GUIDIN' LOST PARTIES...



IN HERE? THANK YOU!

NOT AT ALL! ANY TIME... ANY TIME...



HULLO! WATCH'A THIRD RAIL, MUM! LOOKIN' F' YOUR FRIEND?

ER... WHO ARE YOU?



ME? A GUIDE! DOIN' IT F' TWELVE YEAR... CAN GUIDE YOU FROM ONE DEPOT TO THE OTHER, I CAN...

A TRAIN'S STALLED BACK THERE!



OH, THEY'RE ALL STALLED IN THIS SECTION, ALL A WAY DOWN A LINE! THEM FELLAS DONE IT IN THE CONTROL HOUSE... THEM ARE NAZIS!



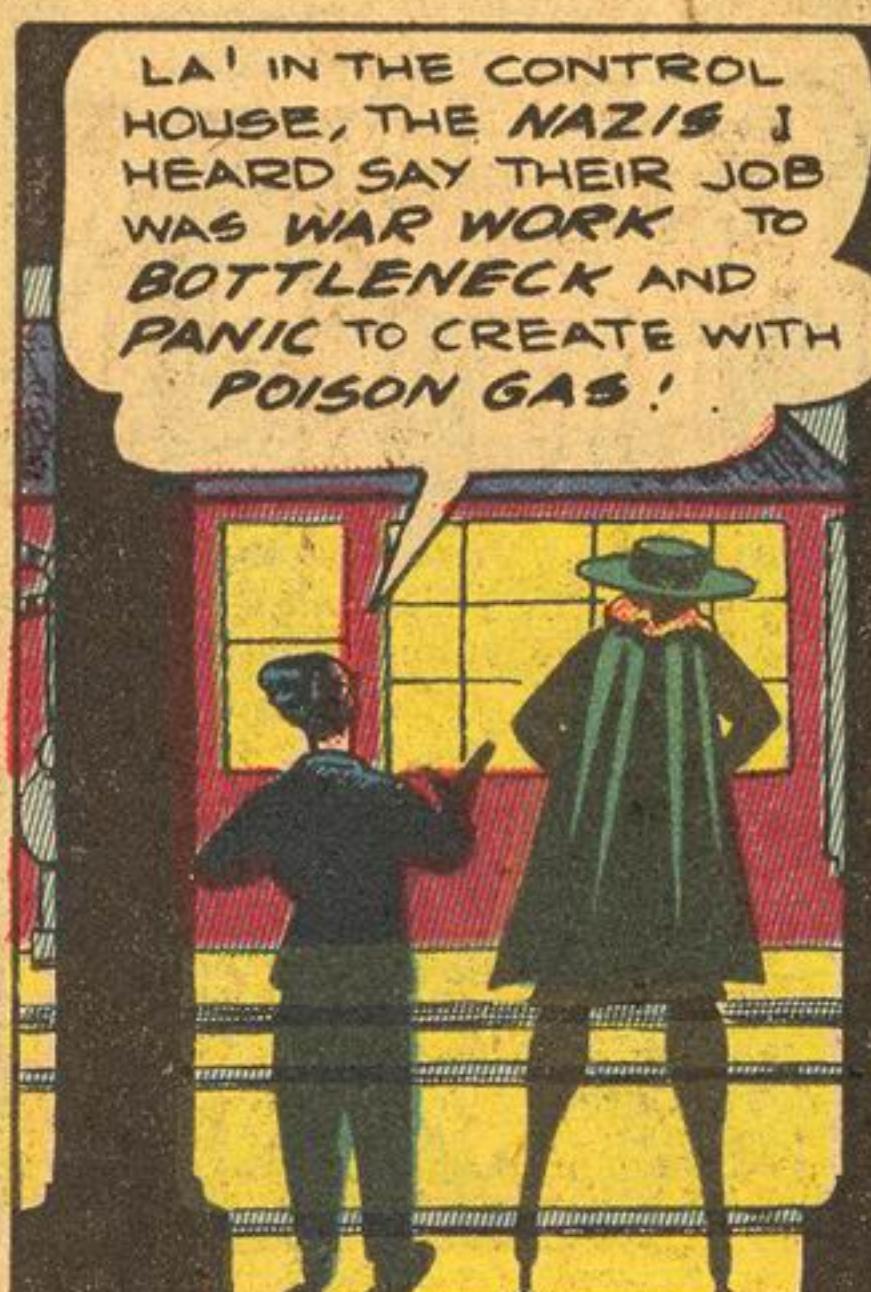
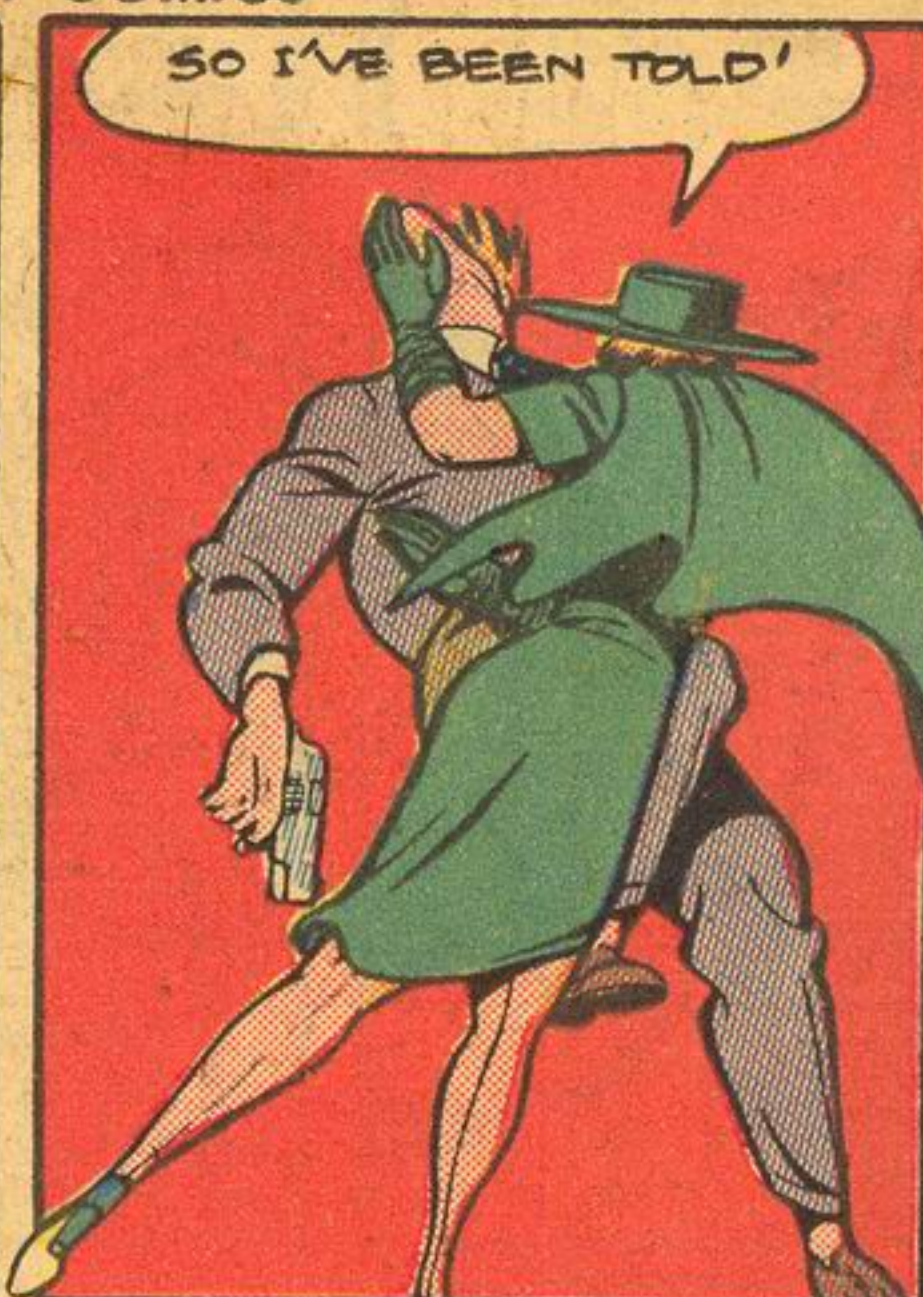
NAZIS? THAT MEANS I SHOULD GET BUSY!... PARDON ME, WHILE I MAKE A FEW MINOR CHANGES!



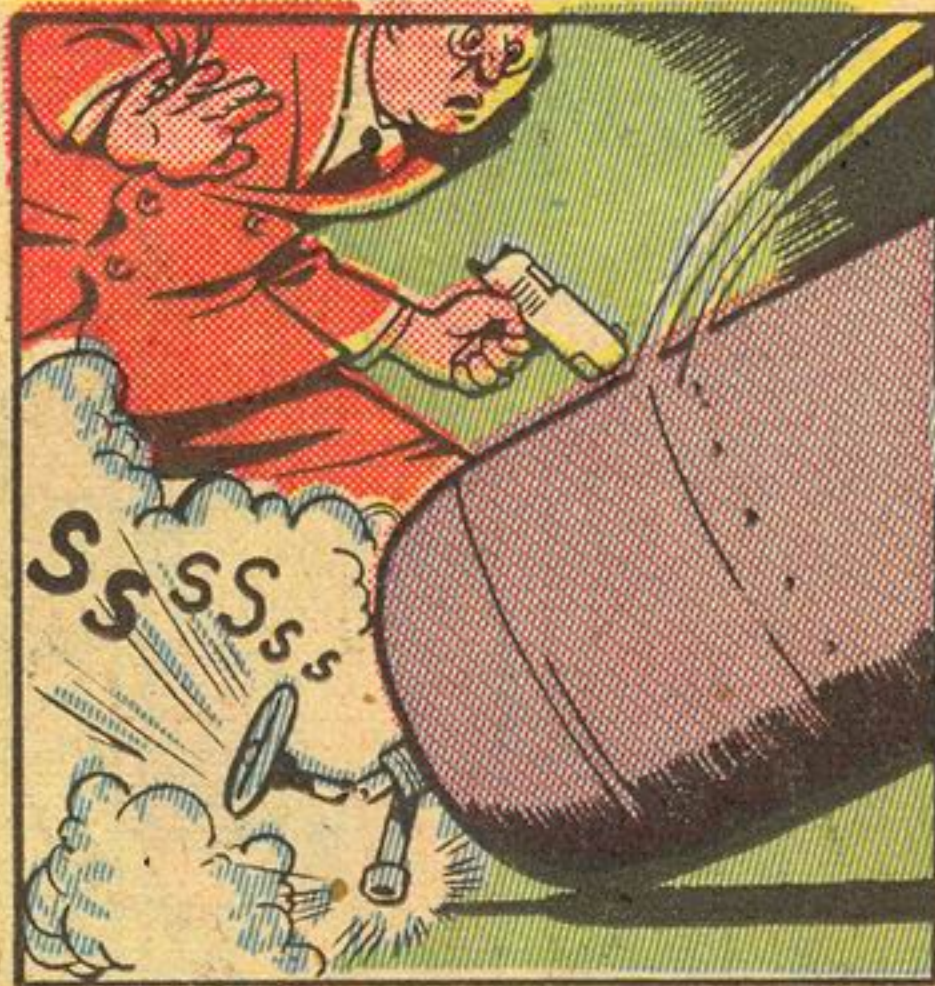
THERE HE IS NOW! HUH! 'PEARS LIKE HE WARY'T A FRIEND'A THEIRN!



SMASH COMICS



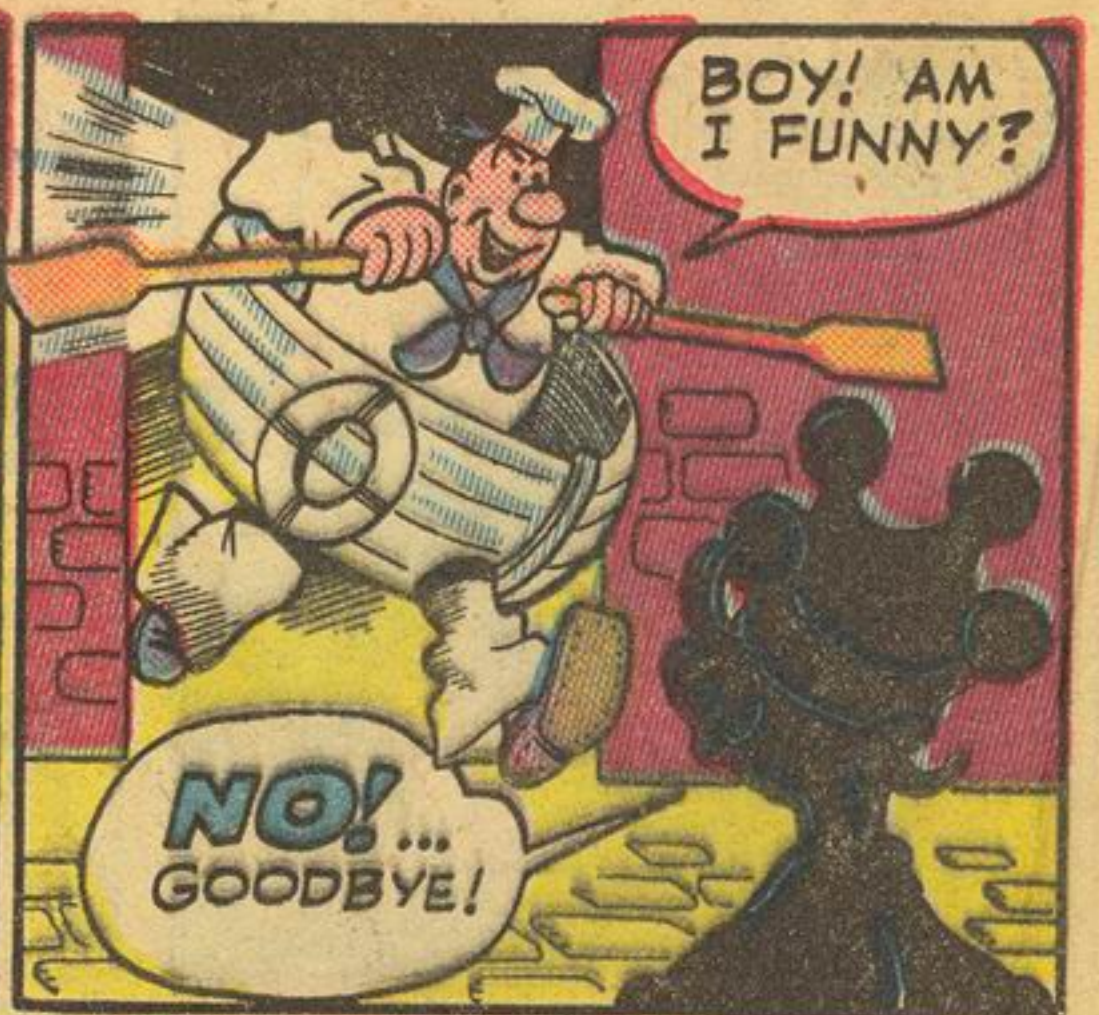




AND THIS IT IS THAT THE SUBWAYS RESUME THEIR NORMAL BREAKNECK ACTIVITIES









SMASH COMICS

# THE MARKSMAN



**C**AN ANY GOOD  
COME OUT OF WAR AND  
OPPRESSION? PERHAPS YES--  
FOR OUT OF THE BRUTAL  
RAVAGE OF POLAND CAME THE  
FLIGHT OF MANY EXILES TO THE  
NEW WORLD! AND AMONG THESE  
EXILES WAS ONE BARON POVALSKI  
WHO FOUND, IN THE TRACKLESS  
JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA,  
NEW FIELDS FOR HIS GRIM  
TALENTS AS *The*  
*Marksman*  
-- DREAD DESTROYER  
OF FREEDOM'S  
ENEMIES!



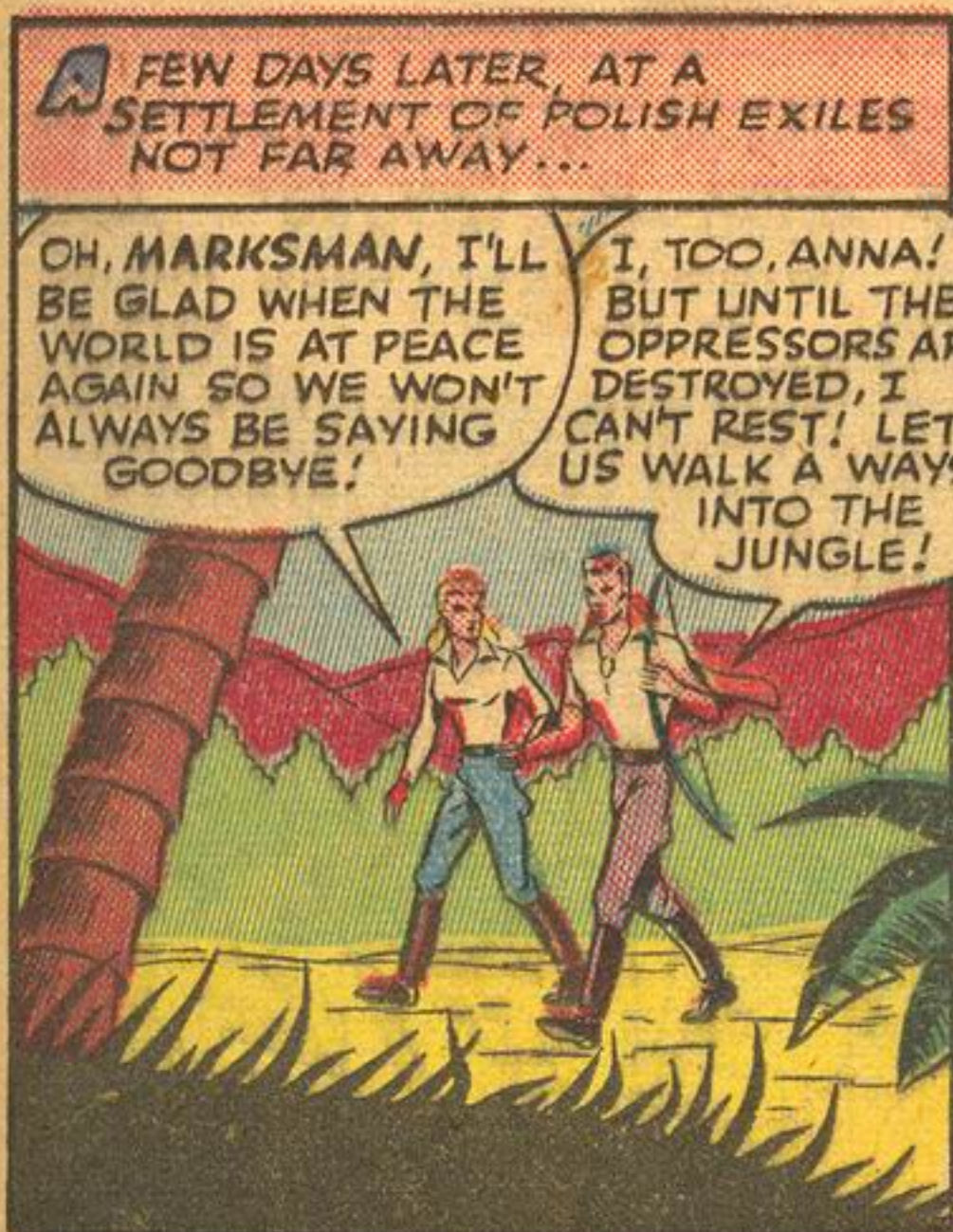
A  
Jurapu  
Indian  
Village,  
deep  
in the  
jungles  
of  
Ecuador...



SUDDENLY!...









SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS



BUT  
SHEER  
FORCE  
OF  
NUMBERS  
OVER-  
COMES  
THE  
GALLANT  
FIGHTER  
!

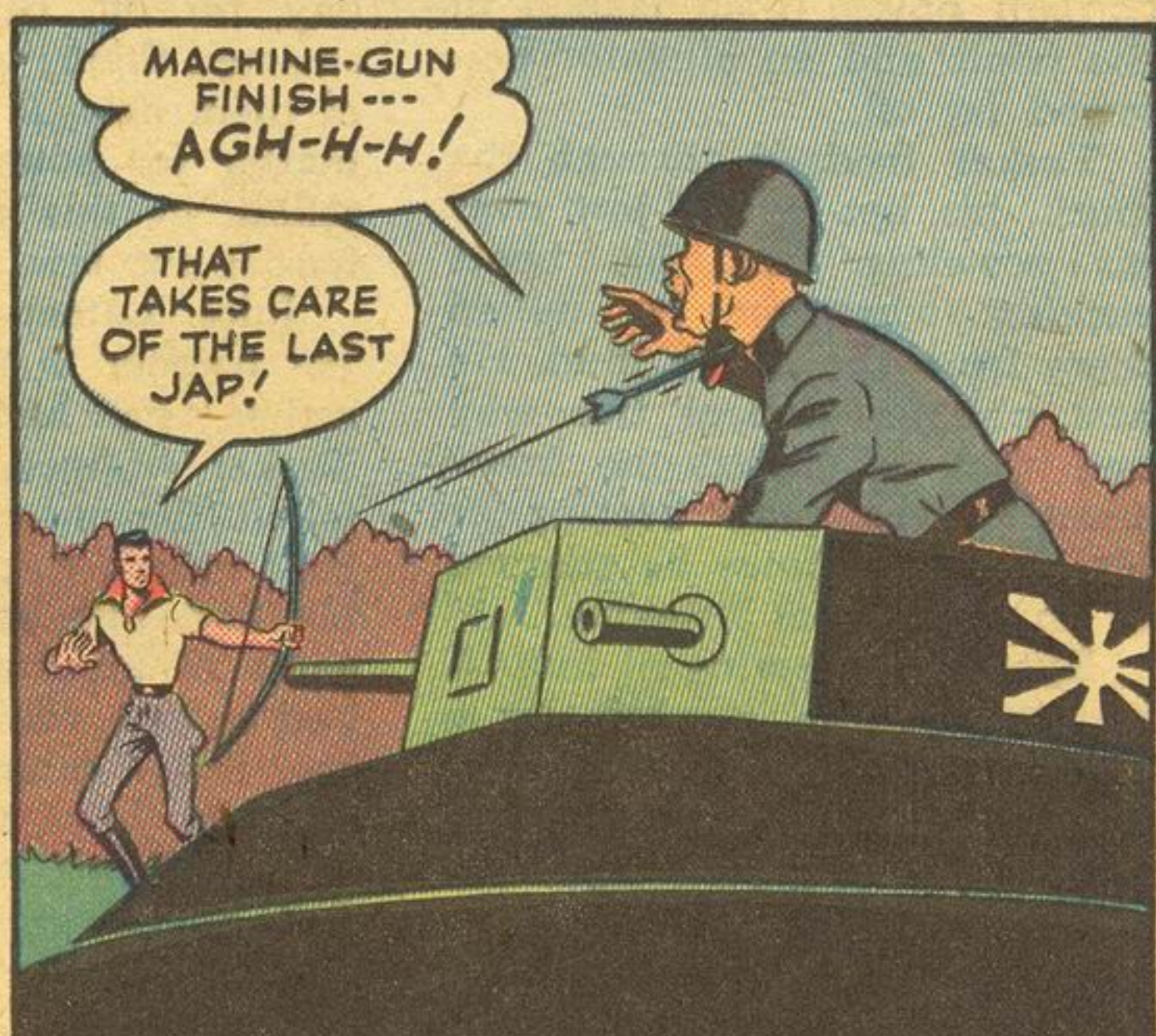




SMASH COMICS









# SWAMP REVENGE

**T**HE marsh, stretching for unending miles to the horizon, threw up a thick pall of sickly mist that cut off a view of the lower tree branches. Shaggy cypress stood, their knees in the stagnant water, resembling dejected skeletons.

The sky was overcast, with a hint of rain. Birds had already found their perches. Their disquieting chatter broke through the drippy atmosphere in discordant noises. Fish leaped in the pools and an alligator belled far off.

Tasker trudged through the murk, his hat pulled low over his scowling face, his boots sucking whenever he pulled them from the heavy mud. He cast oblique glances this way and that as though he knew sinister eyes were peering at him hungrily. Once he stopped in an attitude of listening.

Eyes were peering at him. A slinking bobcat, perched on a low limb waiting for his dinner to come along, watched him warily, slaving jaws taut.

Tasker splashed through an unseen puddle and cursed when the water lapped over the tops of his boots. A stinging vine tendril slashed across his face and he fairly choked with rage.

"I'm ahead," he kept telling himself. "I must be miles ahead of 'em, the blasted fools! They will never catch me!"

Tasker had made good time. From the moment when he killed Jules Lateau till now only two days had passed—and he was fifty miles removed from the scene of the crime. He was fifty miles into the dark, unknown Everglades, where a clever man could evade pursuit forever.

Tasker believed himself clever. He was a rugged character. They didn't come tougher. He had had pretty much his own

way since he was a mere tyke. Then he had lived in Philadelphia's tenements. Thirty-odd years had passed since then. And Tasker had been a part of various shady groups. But Tasker had always been too clever for the dumb cops to catch, while many others he'd known languished behind bars.

He was too clever now to fall into a trap. Bloodhounds? He had heard them the first day, far off. But he had outsmarted them; was miles ahead of them now. It wasn't an easy matter for hounds to follow a fellow in this swamp; it was harder for law men. . . .

Jules Lateau was the best 'rat trapper in the 'Glades. Or, rather, he had been before Tasker brained him. He had felled the man while he was bent over a trap in the swam. He had just sold his season's catch of muskrat pelts and he had a nice roll stuck away in his little cabin. Tasker had watched Jules a long time before deciding to kill him. A floor board ripped loose revealed where Jules had hidden his cash.

Jules' brother, Rene, also a good Cajun 'ratter, swore a terrible oath of vengeance on his brother's murderer. He swore it first in his church, then to himself, and later to Sheriff Bill Jeffers. It happened that Jimmy Christian, young American adventurer, was taking a vacation in the region, in fact, he was sitting in the sheriff's office, when Rene stormed in.

Jimmy was in Florida on a fishing trip and "other secret business for Uncle Sam," hoping to spend a quiet month.

"Without any murders or anything interrupting," he had told Sheriff Jeffers, grinning. "It seldom happens that way, however," he added. And then

when Rene had told his story, Jimmy laughed to himself.

"I knew it," he said, when Rene had gone. "Every place I go murders seem to happen immediately. Maybe I'm a jinx."

"You're going to be a good jinx this time, Jimmy," the sheriff assured him. "You've never been through the 'Glades. Now is your chance to have a look—and mebbe help trap a killer. How about it?"

"You're on, Sheriff!" cried Jimmy. "When do we start?"

The first day in the dark swamp was rather interesting, Jimmy thought. Although he didn't like the rain that soaked them twice in five hours. Walking was difficult, but you slogged on, dodging limbs and sidestepping vicious snakes. Mosquitoes buzzed everywhere.

The deputies with their bloodhounds had gone ahead a couple of hours before Jimmy and the sheriff had started out. The sheriff expressed his lack of faith in bloodhounds hunting in the Everglades.

"Isn't anything on four legs that can smell out a guy who knows how to cover his tracks in this country. Water just doesn't hold man smell. The gink we're tailin' knows enough not to rub against tree trunks, all right."

"Have any idea where he's heading?" asked Jimmy.

"Naw. Mostly they hide themselves in the swamp 'till things blow over a mite, then high-tail it out somewhere with a beard so's they can't be recognized. This yapper is from up north somewhere."

The second day began to pall on Jimmy. The sameness of the scenery, if it could be called that, was getting mighty monotonous. His face was swollen



## SMASH COMICS

from numerous insect bites, and a thorn had ripped across his cheek, making a painful wound. He wished they would catch up with their murderer.

The third day came with a veritable storm. The wind screamed through the trees and they had to hang on to their trunks to keep from being blown into the mud.

Toward evening, the rain slackened and the wind fell. The fog began to dissipate, and Sheriff Jeffers suggested that they push on. They wanted to find a dry place to pitch camp, if such a place existed after the torrential downpour. They found a patch of soggy earth where the water had run off and set up their tent. The tiny spirit stove gave a puny warmth, not enough to make the tent comfortable, for it had grown cold after the rain. Tomorrow, Jimmy hoped, they'd round up the killer.

Tasker lurched along the sodden trail, muttering to himself. It seemed years since he had started out, and the dreadful swamp got worse as he penetrated westward. His face was swollen horribly from mosquito bites and one eye was completely closed. Several ugly gashes scarred his weatherbeaten cheeks. He had lost his hat and now his long black hair hung

down over his face, giving him the look of something that had come up out of the sea.

"I'm ahead," he muttered. "They can't trap Tasker. They can't. I'll show the fools."

The man staggered occasionally, catching at limbs of trees and brush. He was weak, faltering. He looked as if he was on his last legs; as indeed he was, only Tasker wouldn't admit it to himself. He must push on—on. He couldn't afford to be trapped now. He had more than two thousand dollars in his money belt. He intended having a great time with that wad of money. He would go to Mexico, or South America. They couldn't find him there.

Night drew its clammy ghosts over the 'Glades and Tasker bethought him of a place to sleep. He was weary, tired. He wanted a pot of hot coffee more than anything else. He found a fairly dry place and spread his blankets. Then fixed the tarp with the help of some boughs. He built a little fire and put on the coffee. The water was brackish, but Tasker didn't care. He drank it, and then lay down within his damp blankets.

Tasker woke up with a start. It was gray dawn. He started to scramble up, and then his one open eye fell on a horrible thing that lay coiled not two

feet from his face. A huge snake. A dangerous and deadly reptile of the 'Glades. Very carefully he slipped his hand under the covers, reaching for his revolver. The snake struck. . . .

Jimmy and Sheriff Jeffers plodded on, beginning to wonder if they had lost their quarry. It seemed a long time since they had started on their man hunt. It looked like it would never end.

"Hey!" said the sheriff suddenly. "Listen."

At first Jimmy heard nothing. Then there came to his ears raucous cries as of birds fighting.

"Come on!" exclaimed Jeffers, and he set off at the double-quick. They had only gone a few hundred yards when they saw several immense birds whirling and wheeling low above the trees. As they drew near the fat buzzards, the latter settled on limbs nearby and regarded them.

Then they came into a little cleared space and found the remains of a man. He was badly eaten by the birds, but most of his clothes remained. In the money belt they found a pouch of bills which the sheriff recognized instantly.

"It's Jules Lateau," he said. "This is our man, Tasker—or what is left of him."

**BE THE PAPER WEIGHT CHAMPION!**

**COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER**

**YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS  
IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!**

**YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP  
MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS,  
AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR  
FIGHTING MEN!**

**PAPER FIGHTS!**

**JOIN THE SCRAP!**



# WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

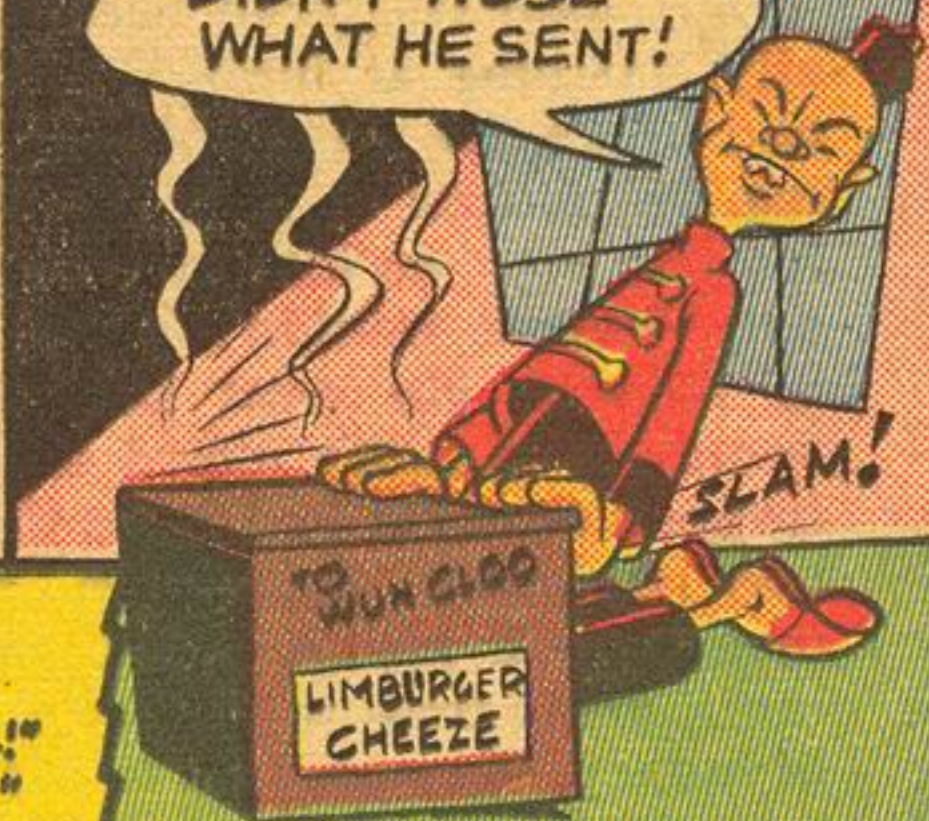
IN THE  
CASE OF THE  
**TAINTED LIMBURGER!**  
by  
RALPH JOHNS



**WHAT FAMOUS CRITICS HAVE SAID ABOUT THIS STIFFLING CASE:**  
PEPSI FIZZBREATH: "CONFIDENTIALLY, IT--!"  
HOCKER SNODBEAK: "SNIFF'S ENOUGH!"  
FUZZY BRISTLEBACK: "P.U.!"

OUR CASE OPENS... THEN CLOSSES VERY QUICKLY...

**PHEW!** WHOEVER SENT THIS, EITHER HATED ME OR DIDN'T NOSE WHAT HE SENT!



WUN CLOO!... THIS IS POLICE CAPTAIN O'NUTS!... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HAVING A **SMELL** TIME... WISH YOU WERE HERE!



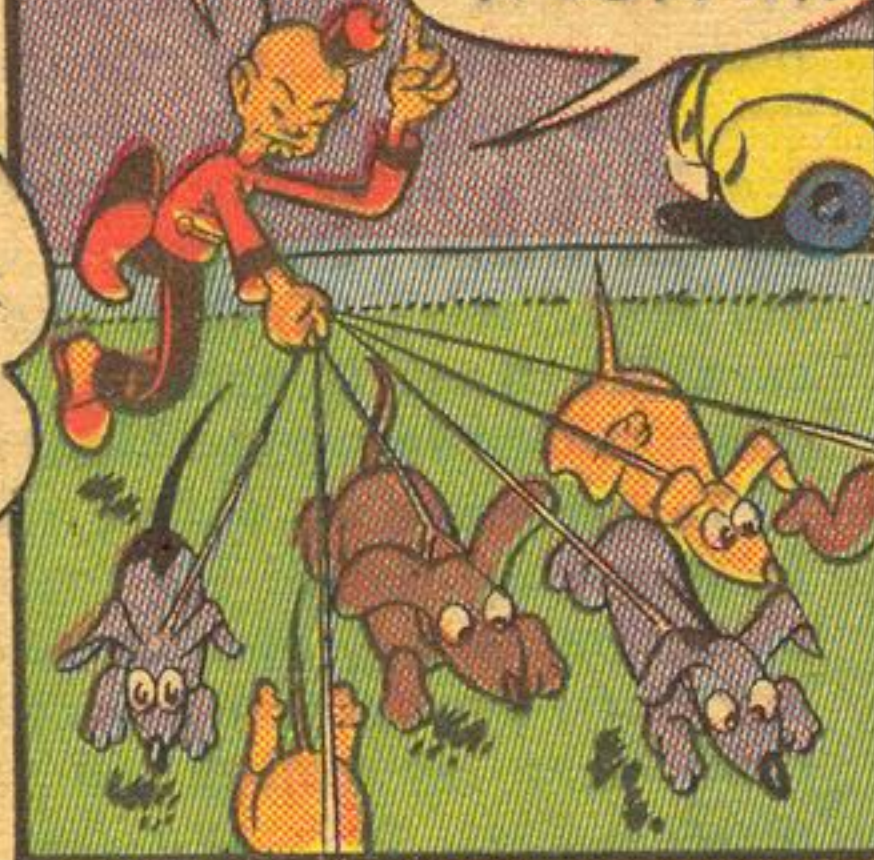
LISTEN, PAL: SOMEONE SENT US SOME **POISON LIMBURGER!** TWO SNIFFS AND THE BOYS KICKED OFF!... IN FACT, **I'M DYING, TOO!**... BE A GOOD SCOUT AND HANDLE THE CASE FOR ME!... I GOTTA ATTEND A **FUNERAL** TODAY!

**CHEESE** IT! THE COPS, EH? LUCKY, I ONLY TOOK ONE WHIFF! OKAY, O'NUTS! PLEASANT HEREAFTER!



ONE THING ABOUT LIMBURGER!... IT'S EASY TO TRACE!

REMEMBER, BOYS... ONLY **ONE SNIFF** A PIECE!... TWO WILL GET YOU A **COFFIN!**

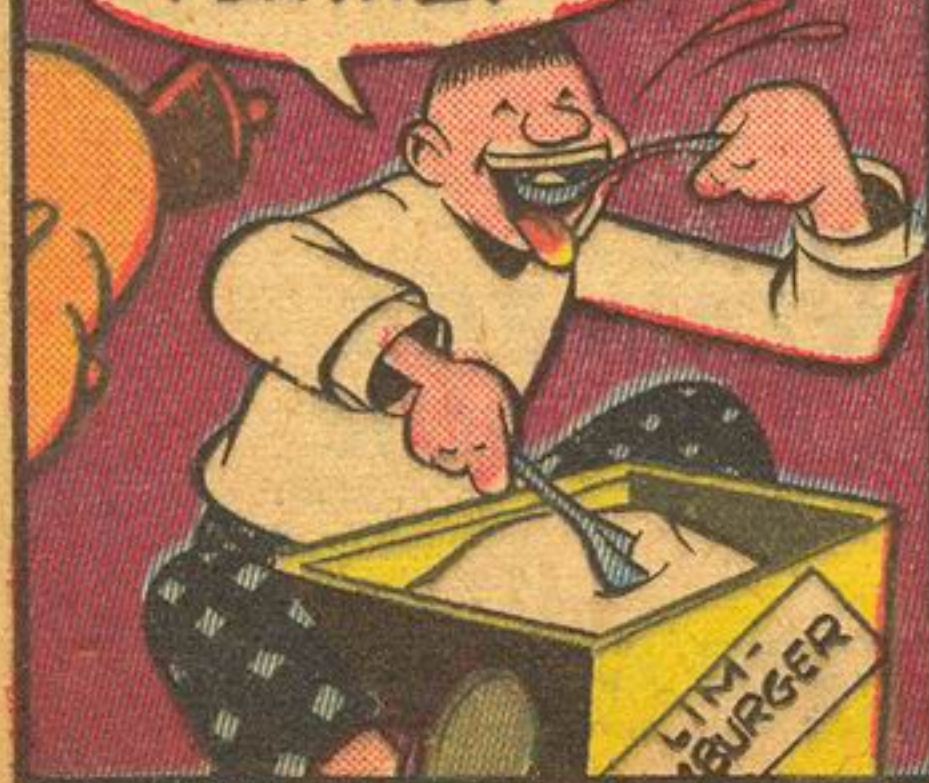


DO YOU KNOW THAT CHEEZE YOU SENT KILLED THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE!

IT DID? OH... GOODY! THAT'S ALL I WANNA KNOW!



YOU SEE, THEY TOLD ME THE THINGS I EAT WOULD KILL A **COW**... SO I TRIED IT OUT ON THE **BULLS** TO SEE IF IT WAS SAFE FOR ME!



BUT WHY WON'T IT KILL YOU?

BECAUSE I'M NOT A **BULL**...



I'M A **GOAT!!** BAAAAAAA...

THAT MAKES **TWO** OF US, BROTHER!

COME, IGGY! I'VE GOT SOME NICE JUICY **CANS** FOR YOU!

WITH LABELS?

WITH LABELS!





# THE JESTER

IT'S TRUE, QUINOPOLIS!  
MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL  
EVIL -- AND MEN WHO ROOT  
FOR IT ARE HOGS!

Must he  
LAUGH  
at  
EVERYTHING?

WHEN OFFICER  
CHUCK LANE BECOMES  
**THE JESTER**,  
HE SEES A JOKE IN  
EVERY DANGER, EVERY  
ENEMY, EVERY EVIL!

BUT WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT  
BEING A MILLIONAIRE?

YEAH! WE'RE  
HOLDING OLD MAN  
VAN ASTOR FOR RANSOM!  
DON'T TRY TO RESCUE  
HIM -- OR WE'LL KILL  
HIM **RIGHT**  
NOW!

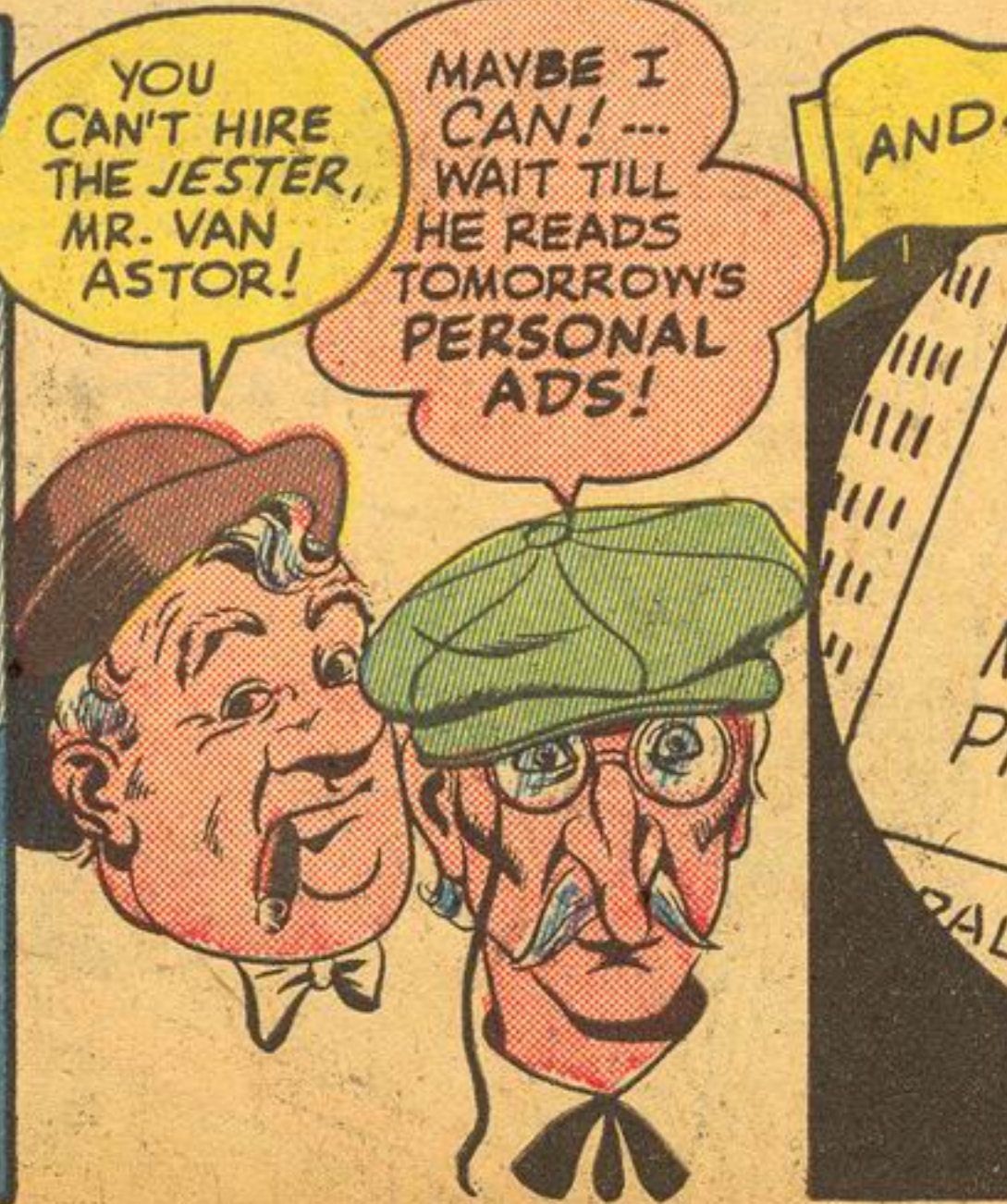
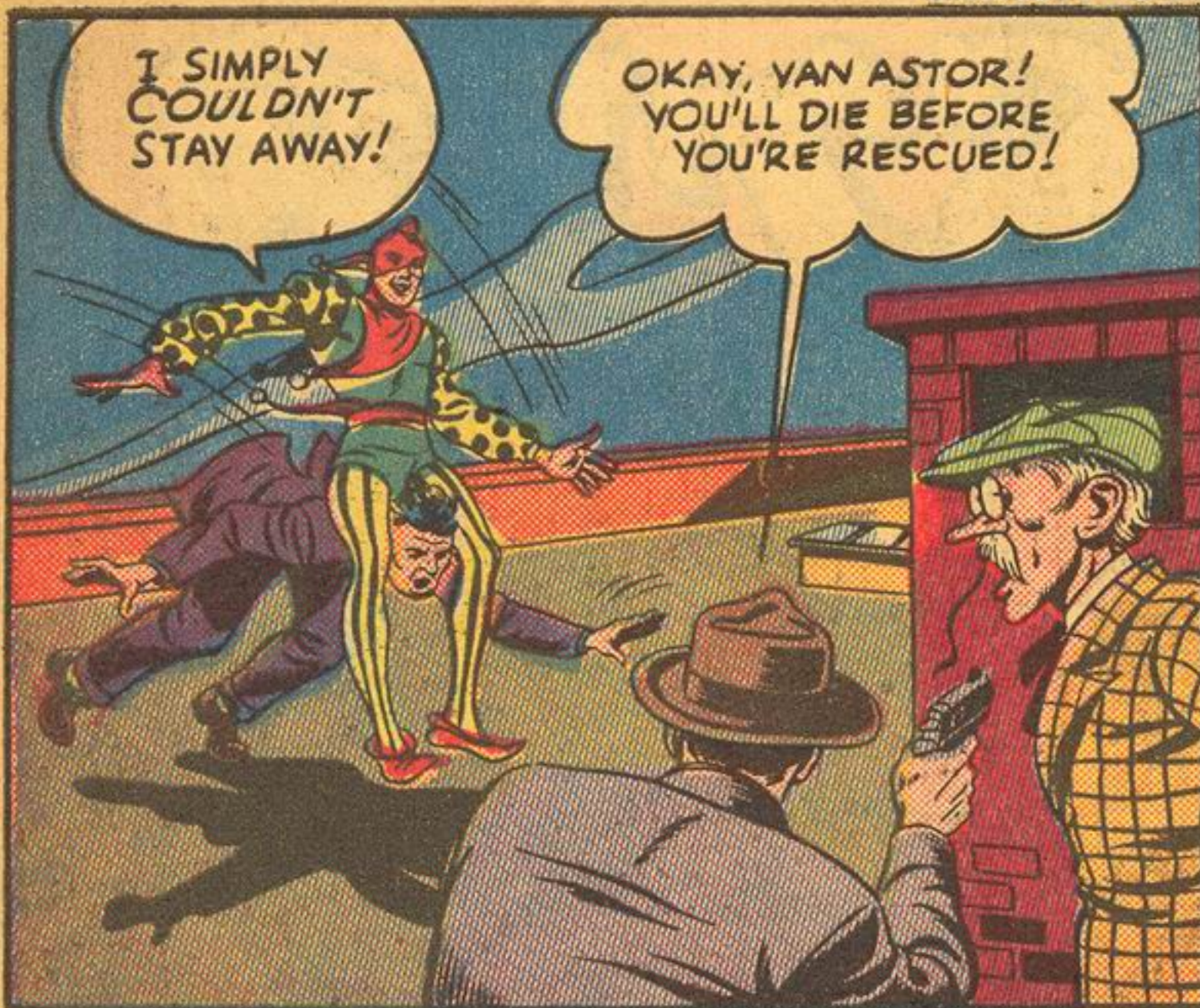
**P**OLICE ARE POWERLESS - SAVE  
FOR PATROLMAN CHUCK LANE!  
ON ANOTHER ROOF, HE BECOMES  
**THE JESTER!**

IF I WERE A  
POET, I'D WRITE  
A POEM ABOUT...

...THE **SPRING!**



SMASH COMICS

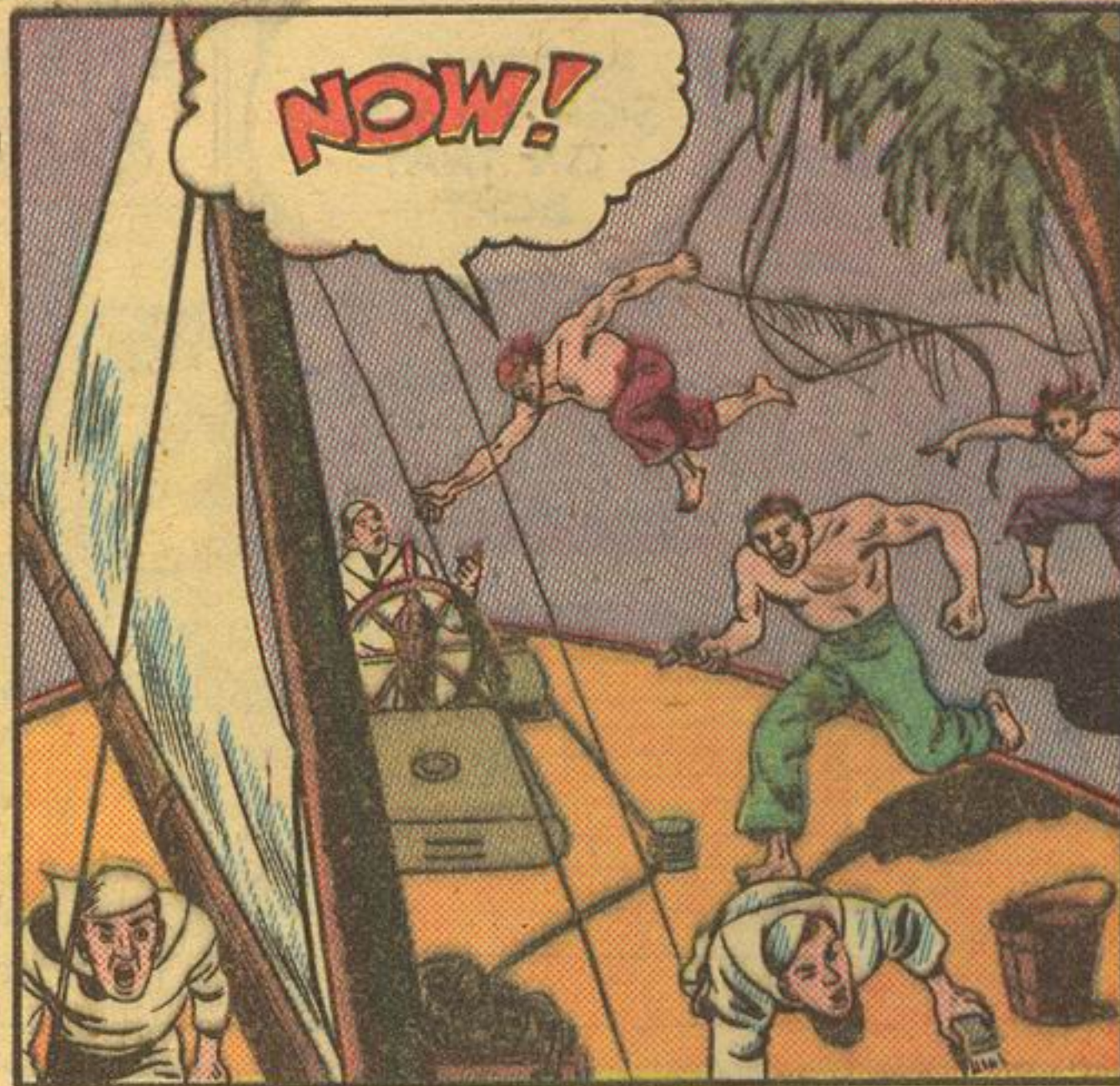




SMASH COMICS

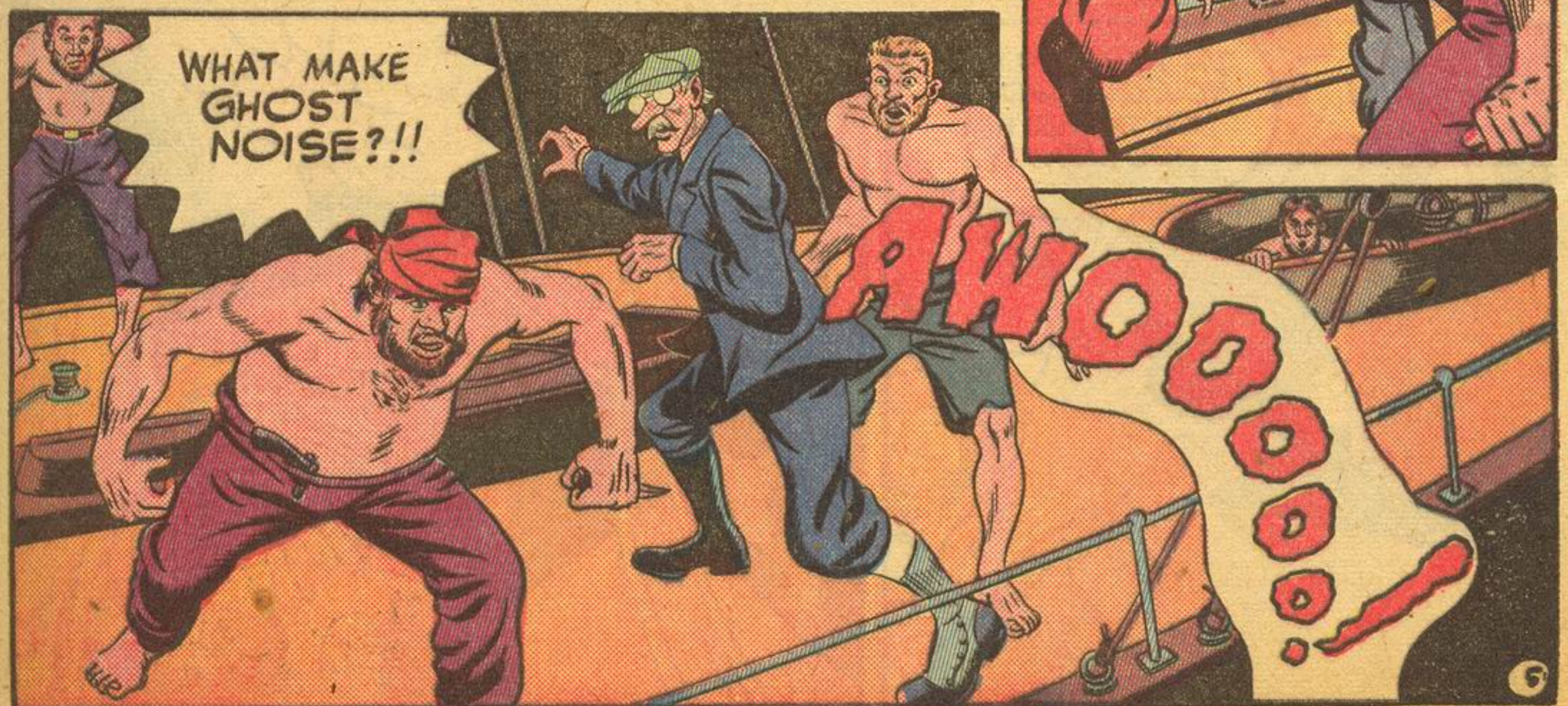






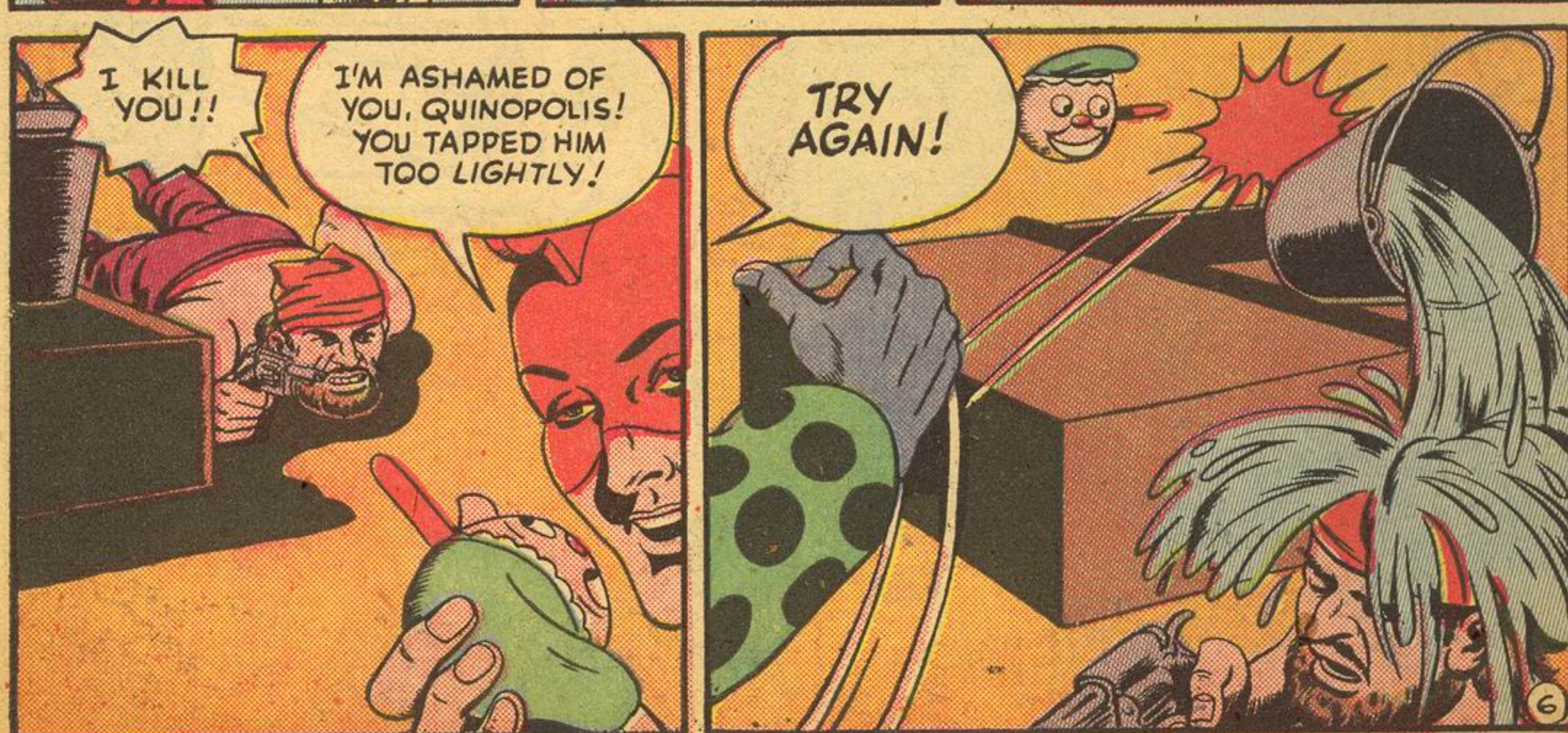
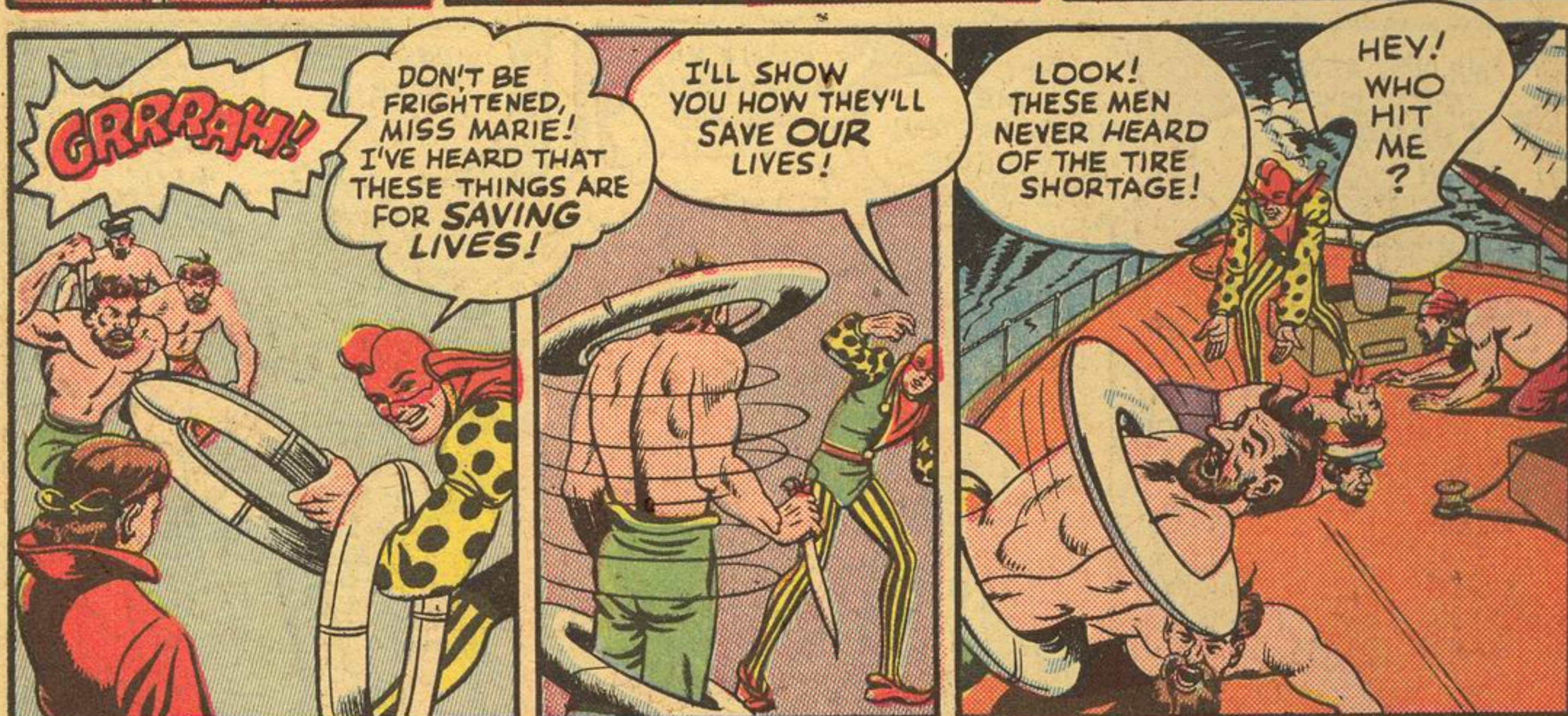
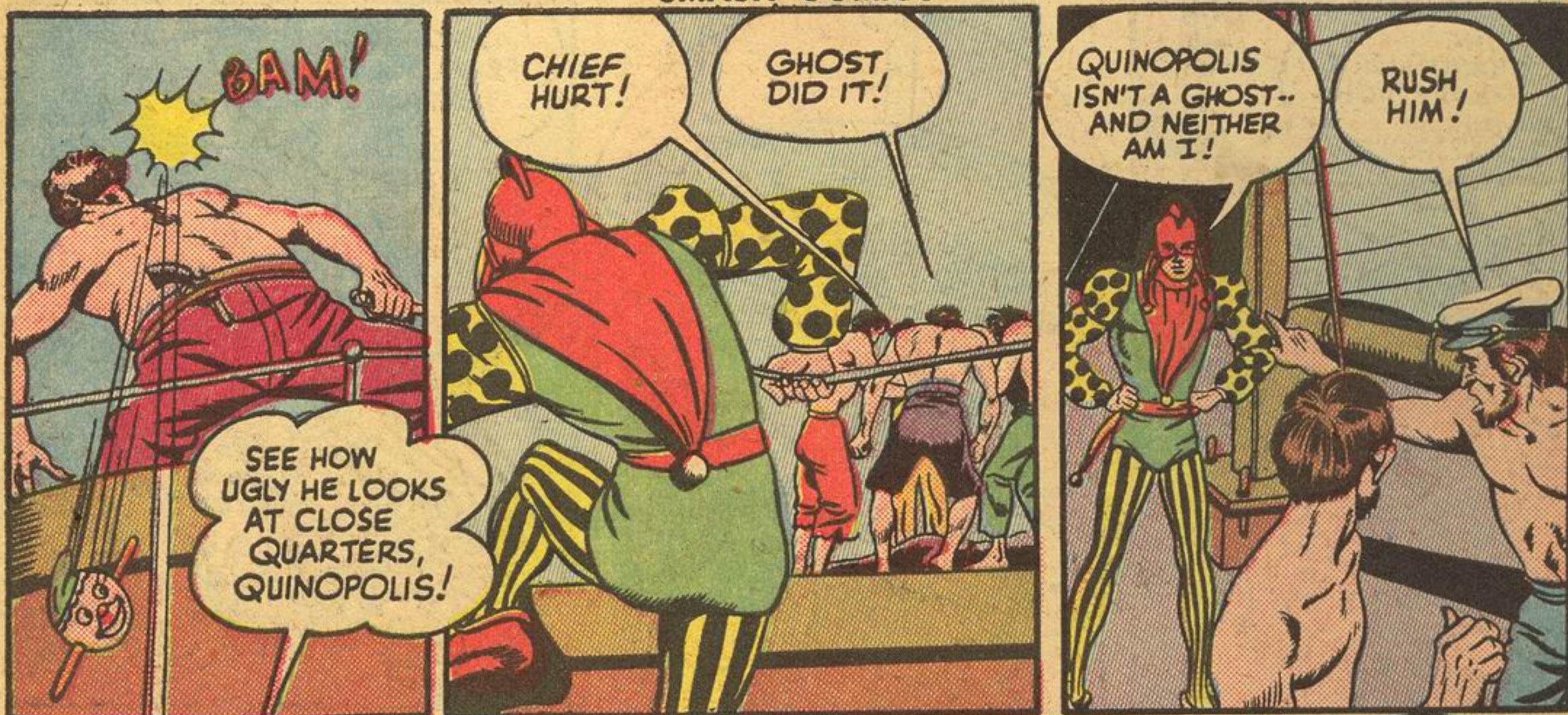


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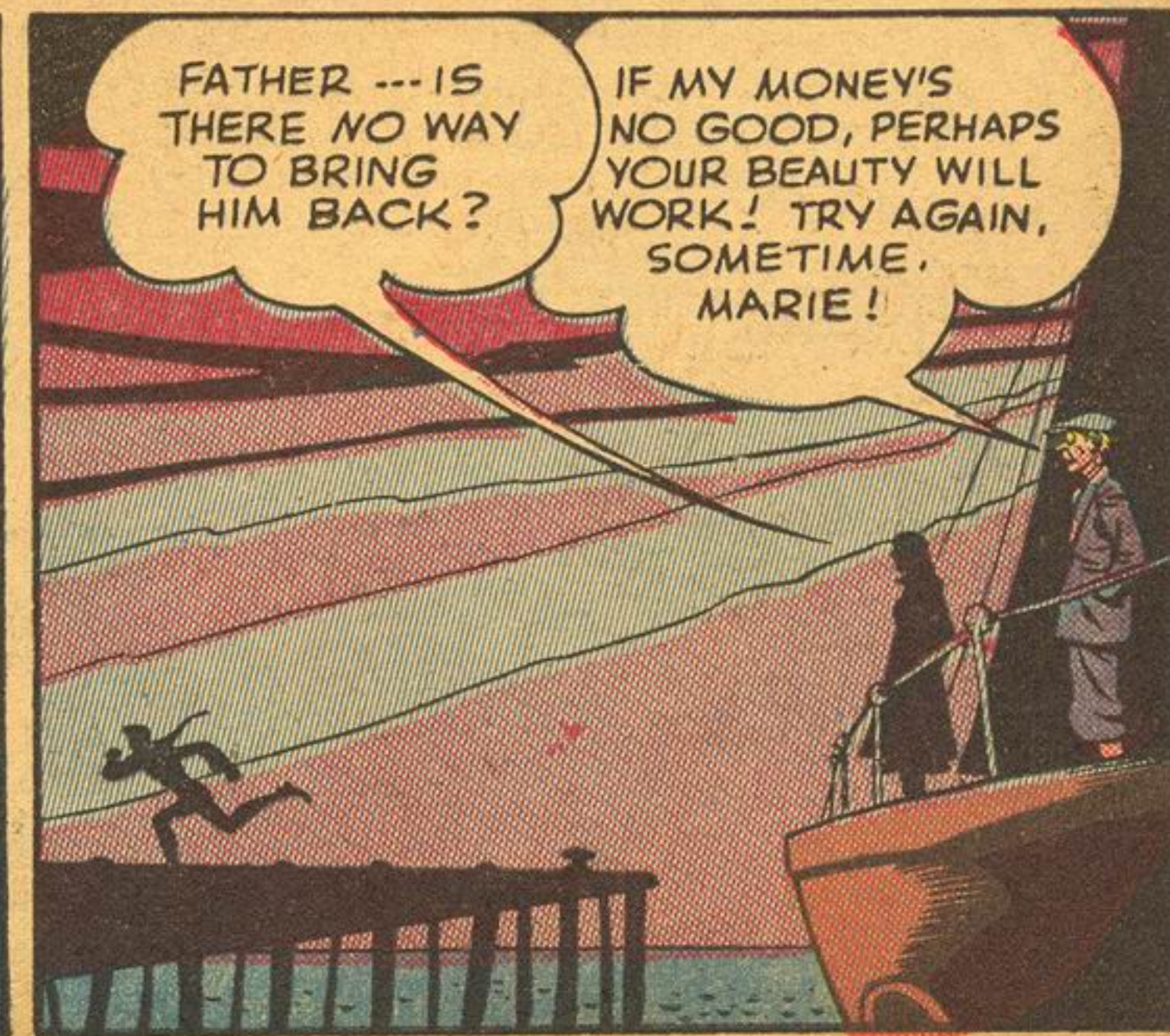
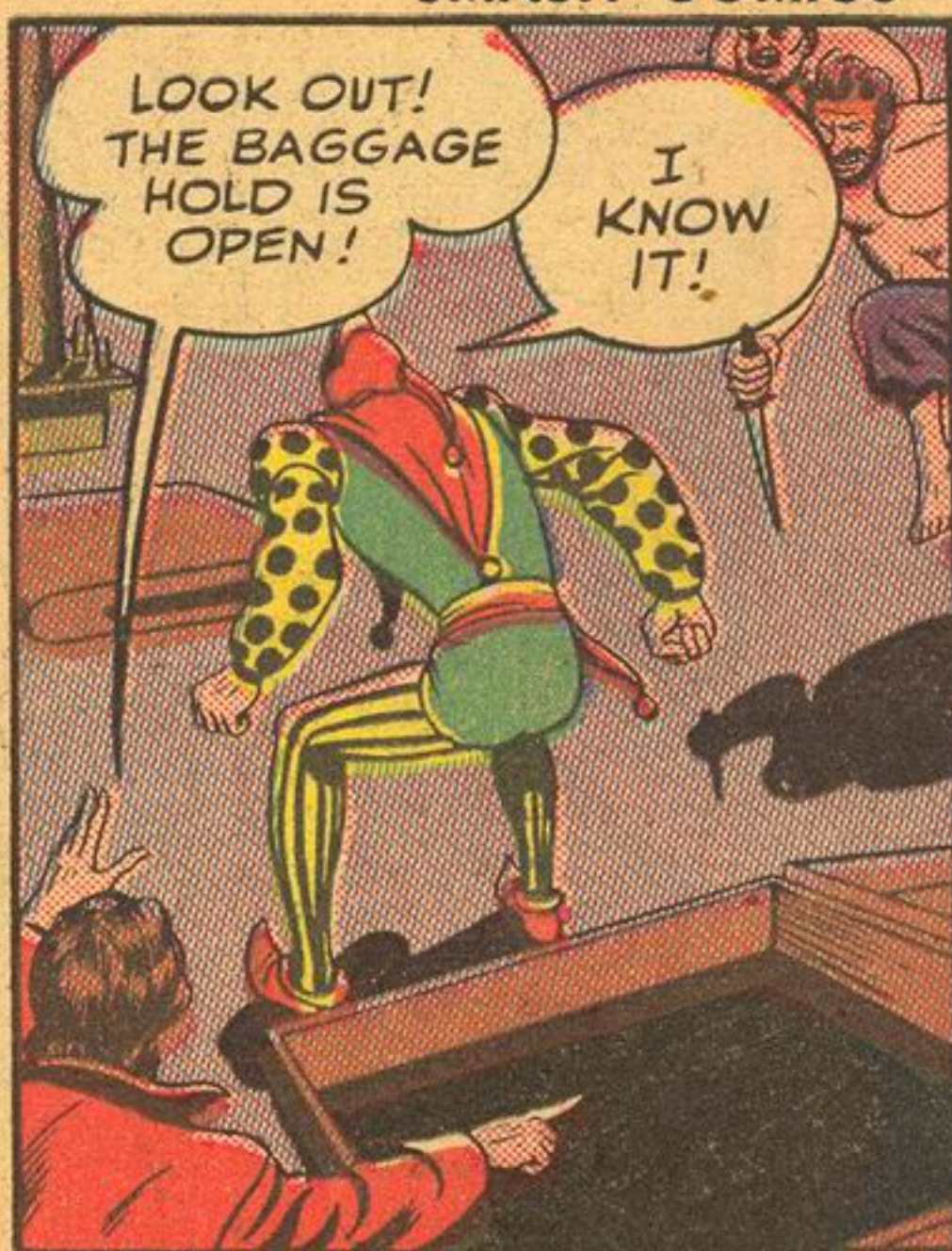
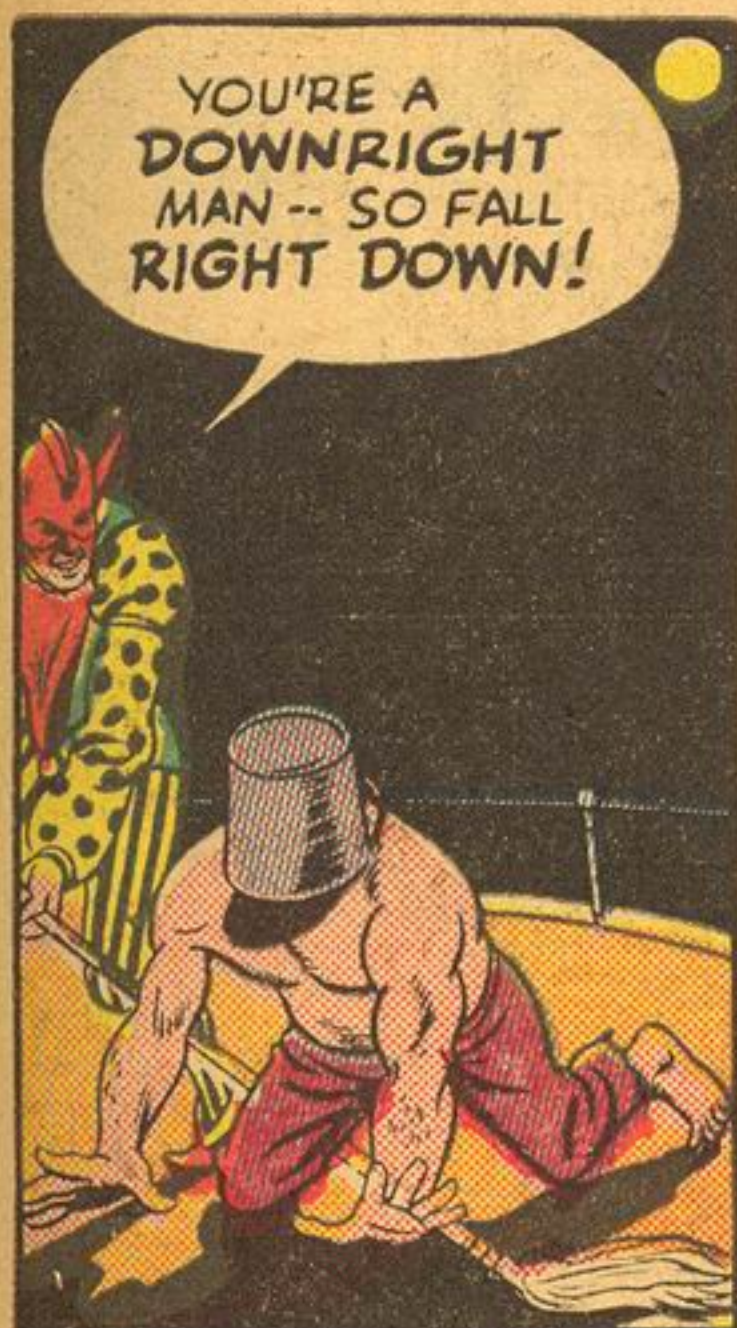


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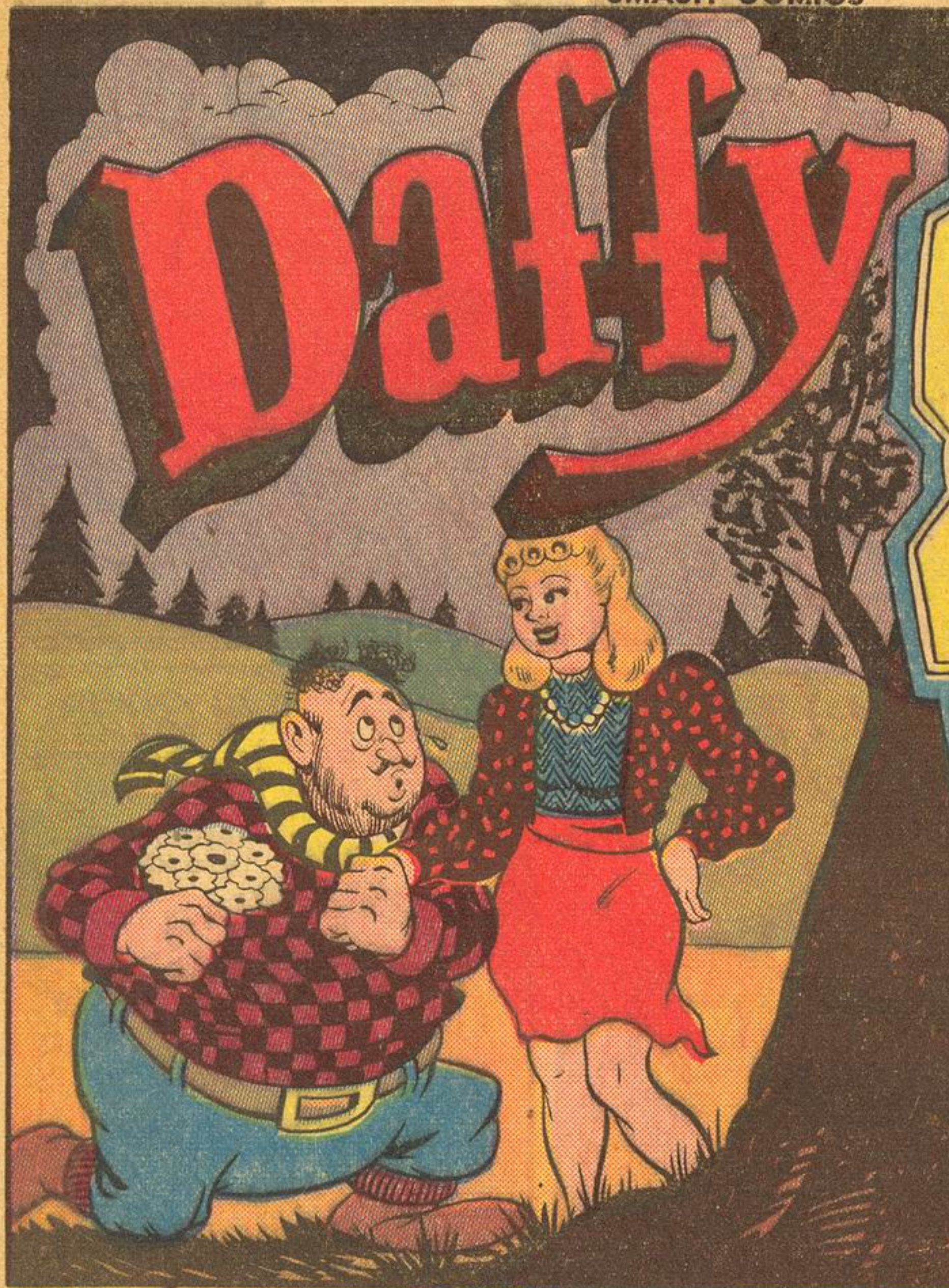




SMASH COMICS







**D**AFFY may be a little too husky for the average man's idea of Romance... but they say there's a man somewhere for every woman in the world! The man for Daffy seemed to be big **Louis Lafitte**, the giant lumberjack of the North Woods! At least that's what Louis thought... Daffy had other ideas, among them, the one that **Deke Parsons**, with all his faults, was all glamour!

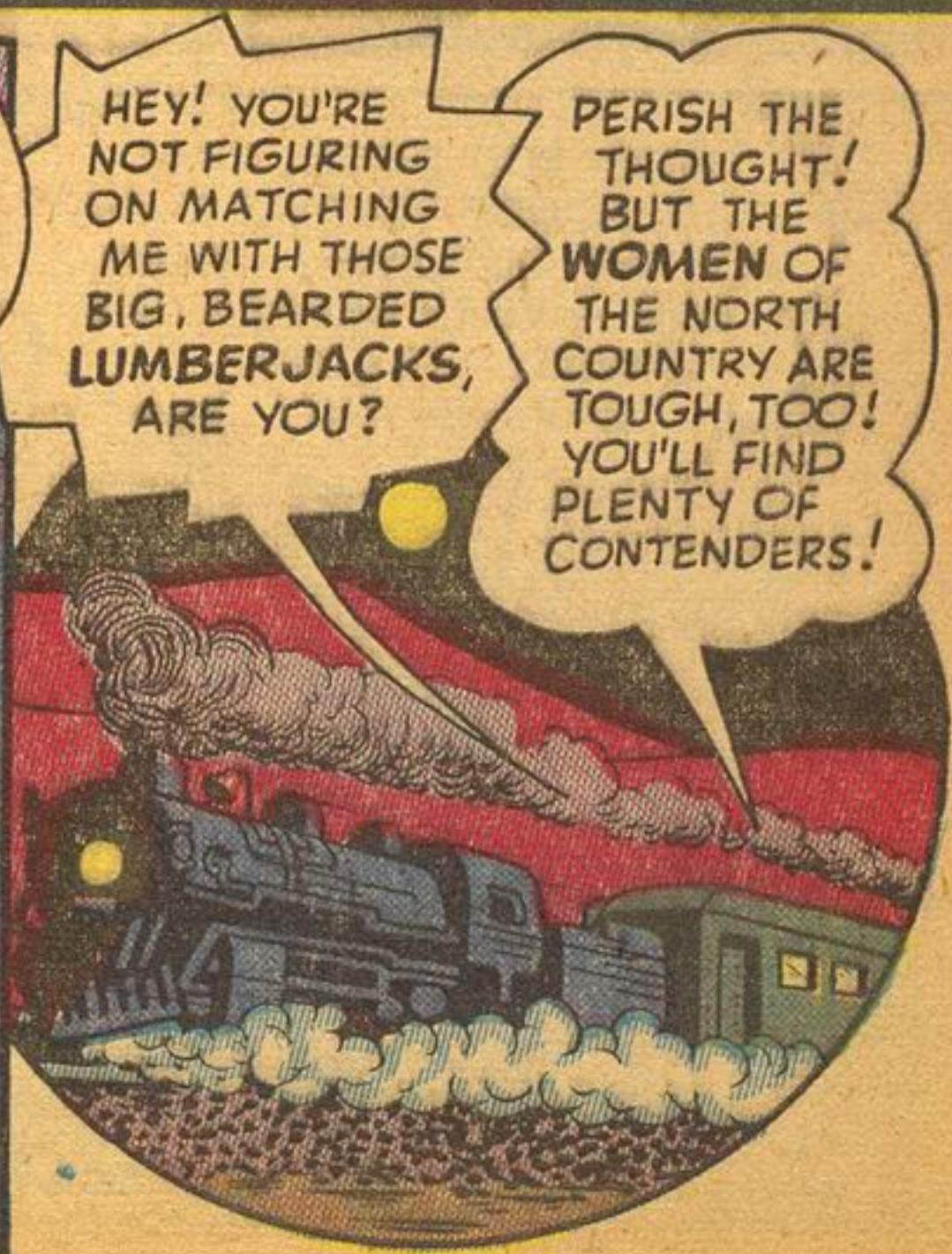
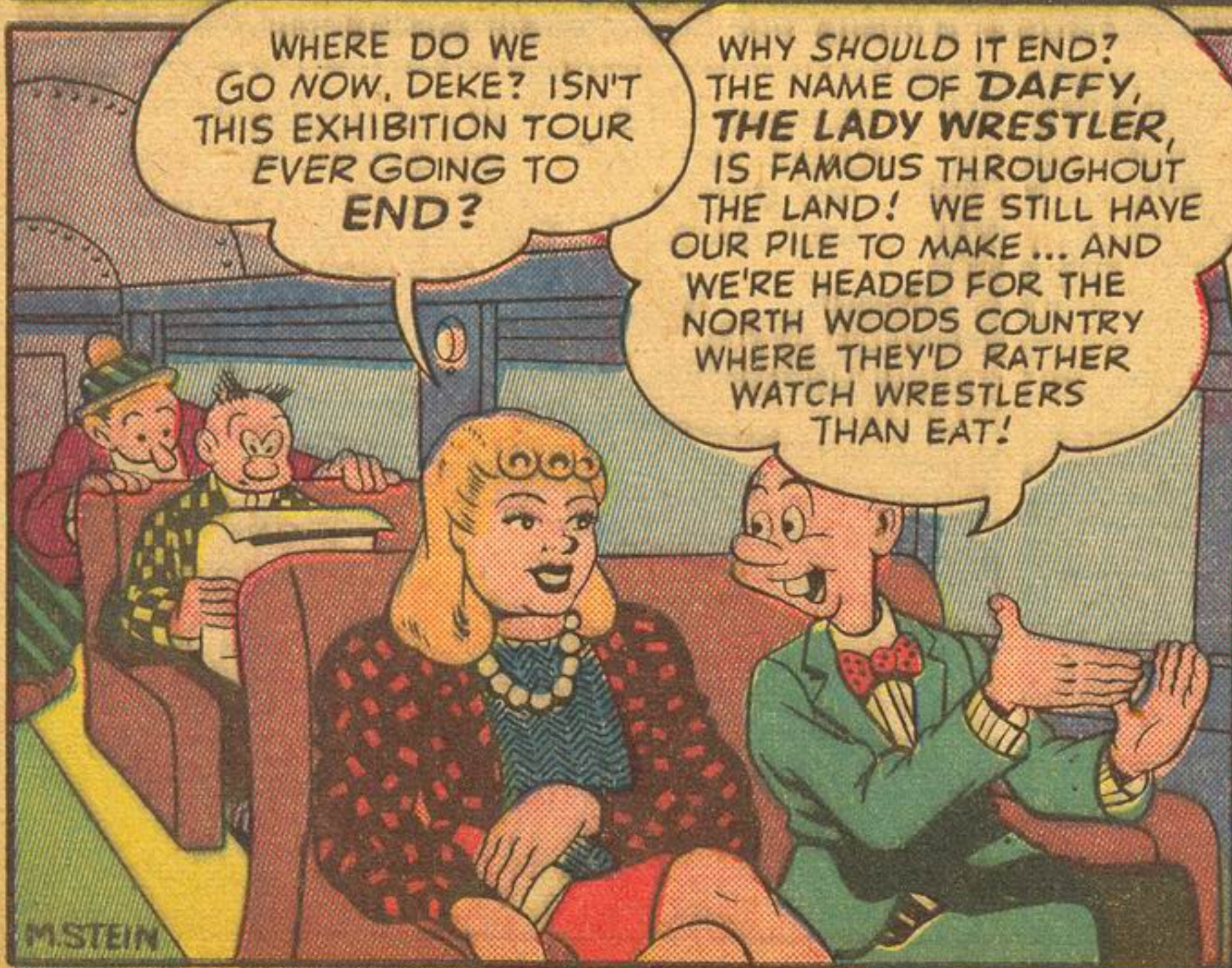


WHERE DO WE GO NOW, DEKE? ISN'T THIS EXHIBITION TOUR EVER GOING TO END?

WHY SHOULD IT END? THE NAME OF **DAFFY, THE LADY WRESTLER**, IS FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE LAND! WE STILL HAVE OUR PILE TO MAKE... AND WE'RE HEADED FOR THE NORTH WOODS COUNTRY WHERE THEY'D RATHER WATCH WRESTLERS THAN EAT!

HEY! YOU'RE NOT FIGURING ON MATCHING ME WITH THOSE BIG, BEARDED LUMBERJACKS, ARE YOU?

PERISH THE THOUGHT! BUT THE **WOMEN OF THE NORTH COUNTRY** ARE TOUGH, TOO! YOU'LL FIND PLENTY OF CONTENDERS!



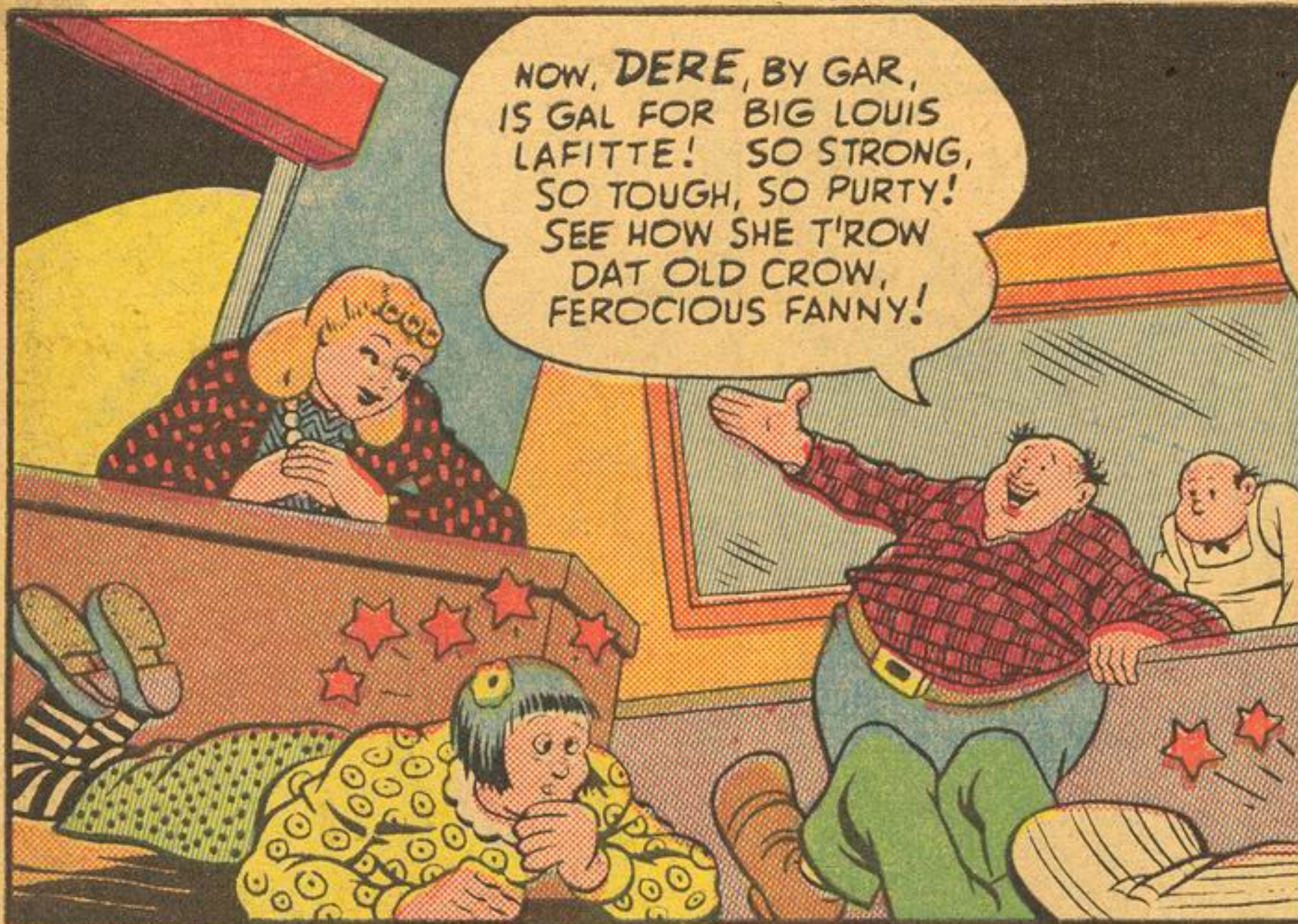


SMASH COMICS





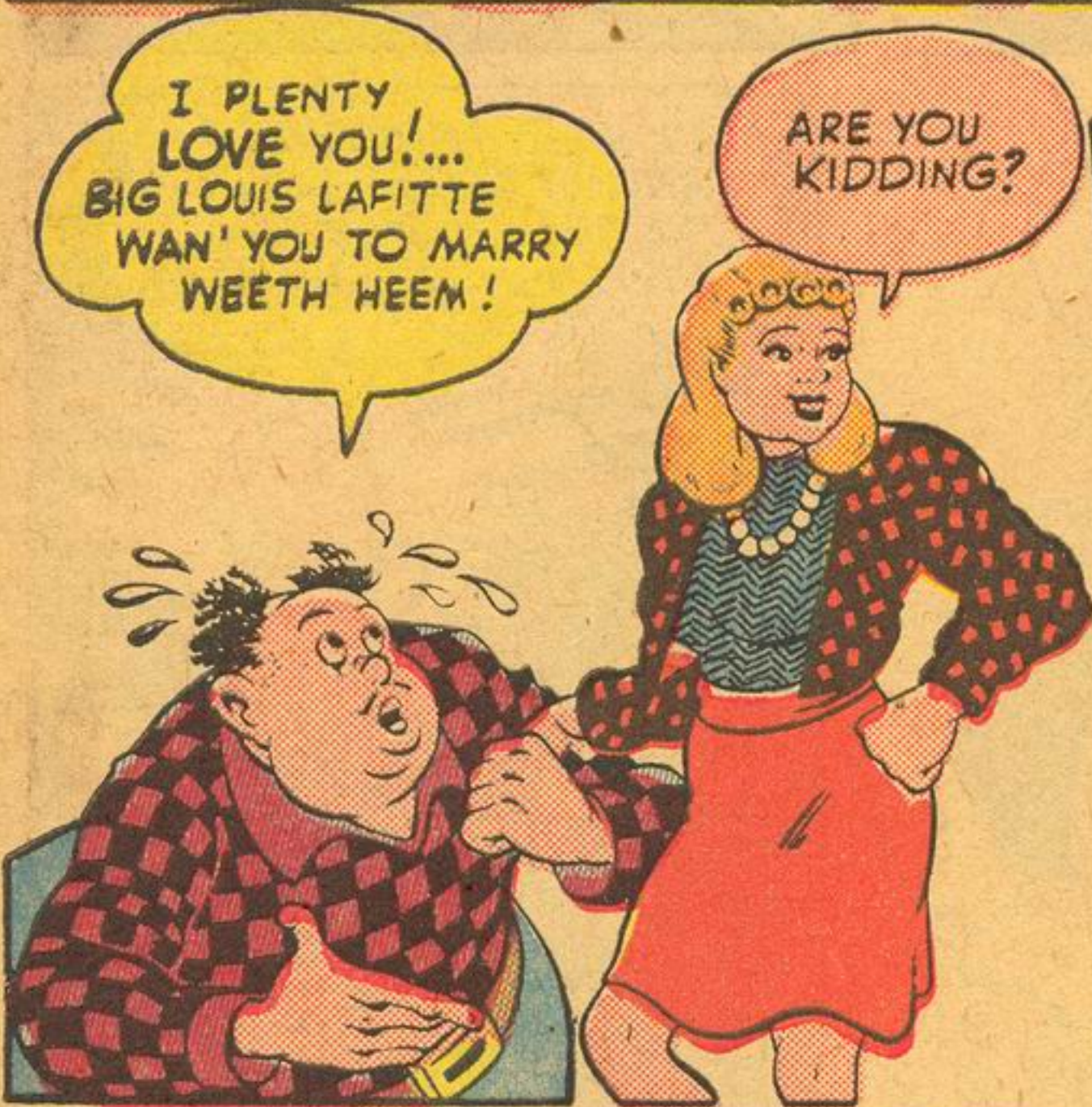
SMASH COMICS



NOW, DERE, BY GAR,  
IS GAL FOR BIG LOUIS  
LAFITTE! SO STRONG,  
SO TOUGH, SO PURTY!  
SEE HOW SHE T'ROW  
DAT OLD CROW,  
FEROCIOUS FANNY!

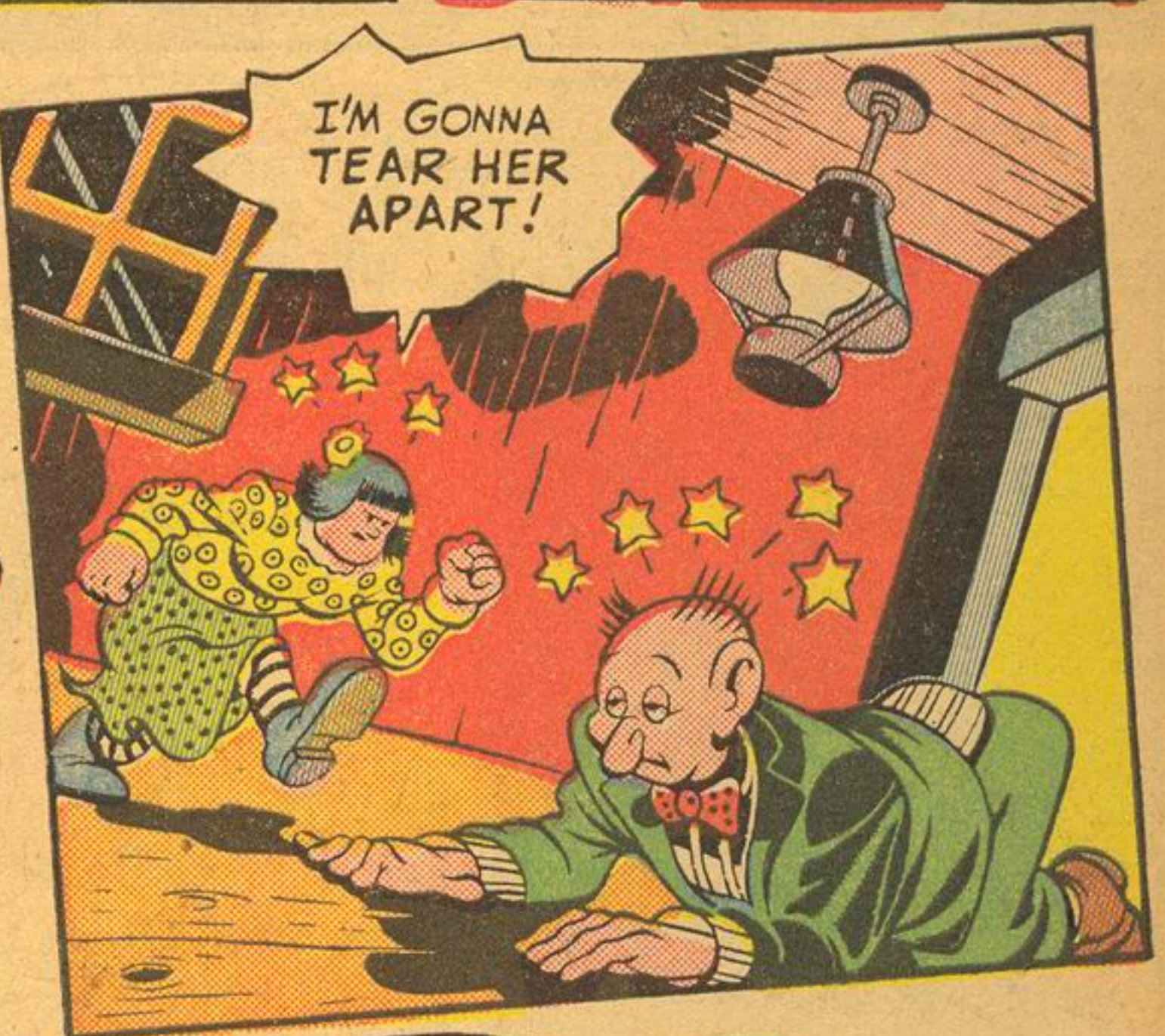
AH, MA  
"CHEREE"  
YOU ARE  
WONDERFUL  
--AND SO  
BEAUTIFUL,  
TOO!

HUH??



I PLENTY  
LOVE YOU!...  
BIG LOUIS LAFITTE  
WAN' YOU TO MARRY  
WEETH HEEM!

ARE YOU  
KIDDING?



I'M GONNA  
TEAR HER  
APART!



WAIT! WE  
CAN'T WASTE  
THIS!

YOU'RE A WOMAN  
OF TALENT, MY DEAR!  
YOUR PLACE IS ON THE  
WRESTLING MAT WITH  
DAFFY, THE LADY  
WRESTLER! THEN  
YOU'LL BE PAID FOR  
THE BEATING  
YOU'LL TAKE!

WHO'S GONNA  
TAKE A BEATIN'?  
WHY, I'LL  
MEET HER  
ANYPLACE,  
ANY TIME...  
AND MURDER  
HER!

IS THAT  
SO?...  
WE'LL  
SEE  
ABOUT  
THAT!

YOU WEEEL  
BE BIG  
LOUIS  
LAFITTE'S  
QUEEN!--  
CLEAN HOUSE,  
COOK GRUB,  
AN BE PLENTY  
HAPPY WEETH  
ME!





SMASH COMICS



LEMME  
AT HER!...  
I'LL  
SHOW  
HER!

NOT  
NOW!



BAH! WOMEN  
ALL ZE TIME TALK!  
WHEN BIG LOUIS LAFITTE  
PROPOSE TO WOMAN,  
SHE LISTEN TO HEEM,  
UNDERSTAN'?



BIG LOUIS  
SAY HE LOVE  
YOU! HE  
WAN' YOU TO  
MARRY WEETH  
HEEM!

B-BUT I DON'T  
LOVE YOU! ...  
AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, I  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW YOU  
-- AND,  
BESIDES, I  
DON'T BELIEVE  
IN SHORT  
ENGAGEMENTS!



AH... LOUIS DIE  
NOW! ZE BEAUTIFUL  
WAN DO NOT LOVE ME!  
OHHHH... >SNIFF<  
>SNIFF<...

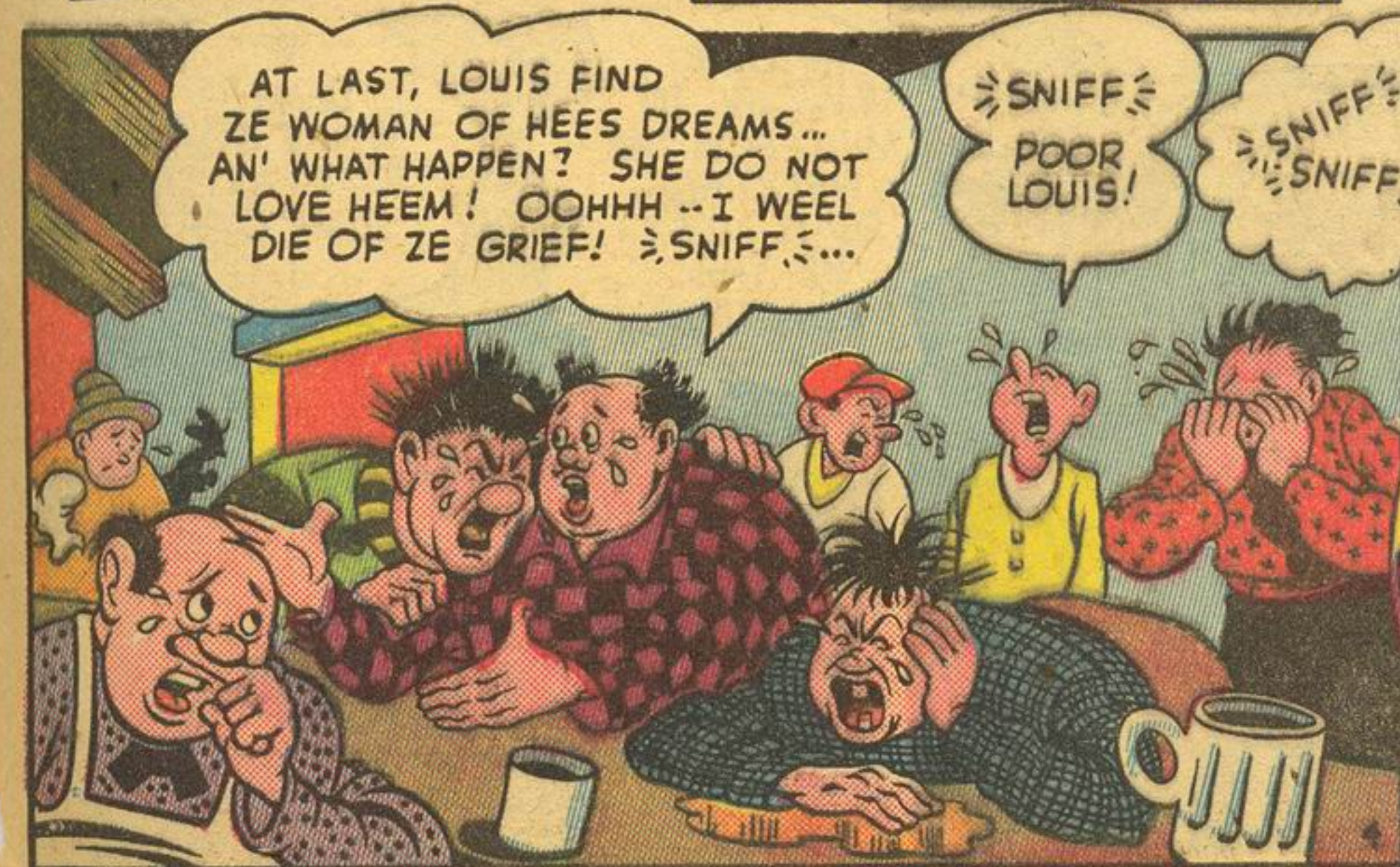


C'MON, DAFFY!  
WE'VE GOT A WRESTLING  
MATCH ALL SET FOR YOU!  
WE GOTTA MAKE  
ARRANGEMENTS  
FOR STAGING  
IT!



WHAT'S  
EATIN' YOU,  
LOUIS?

OHHHHHH...  
MY HEART!  
SHE EES  
BRREAKING!



AT LAST, LOUIS FIND  
ZE WOMAN OF HEES DREAMS...  
AN' WHAT HAPPEN? SHE DO NOT  
LOVE HEEM! OOH HH -- I WEEL  
DIE OF ZE GRIEF! >SNIFF<...

>SNIFF<  
POOR  
LOUIS!

>SNIFF<  
>SNIFF<



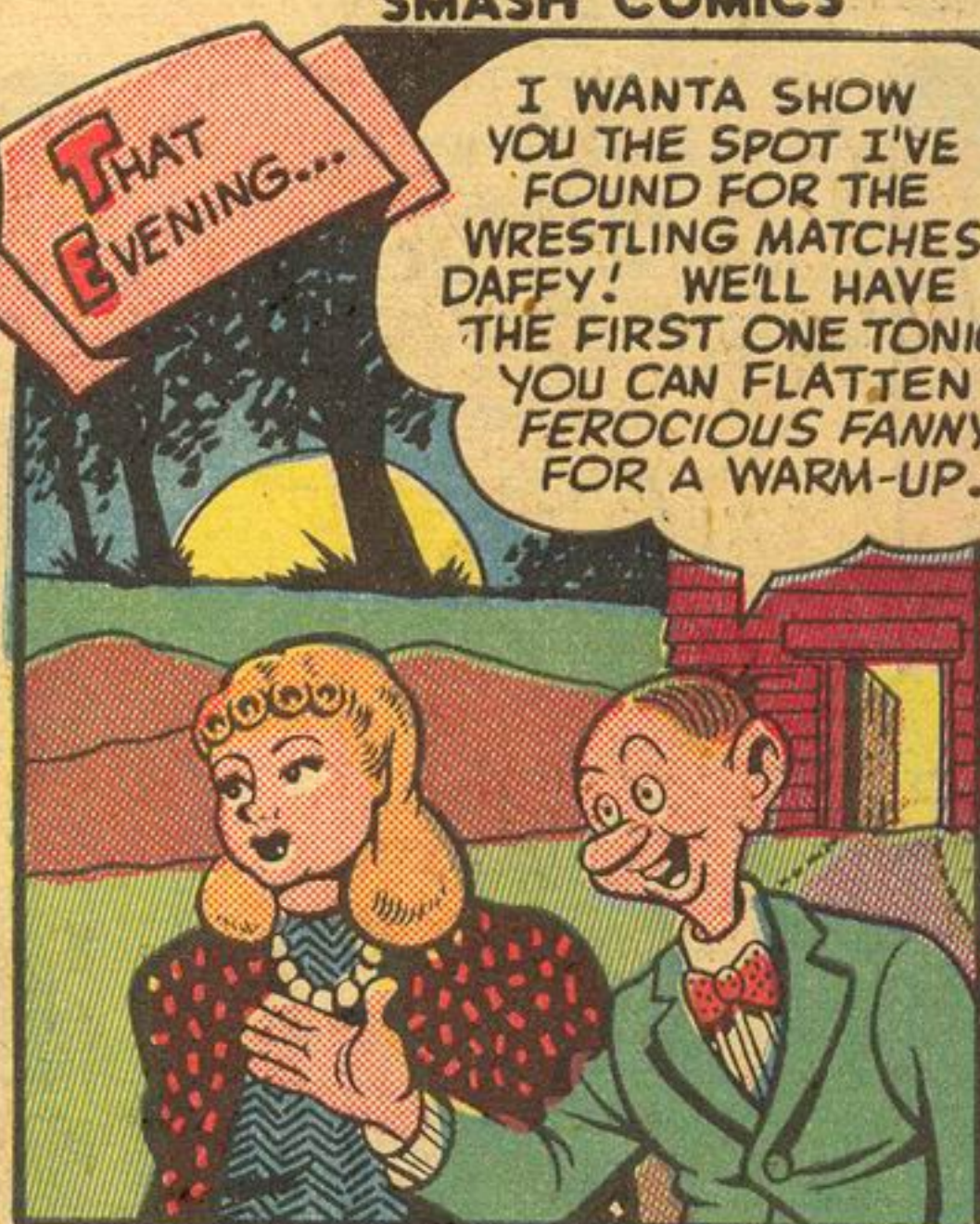
YA CAN'T TAKE  
IT LYING DOWN, LOUIS!  
YA GOTTA DO SUMP'N  
ABOUT IT! ... YA  
CAN'T LET A WOMAN  
MAKE A FOOL  
OF YA!



SMASH COMICS



ZAT BE RIGHT!  
LOUIS CANNOT LET  
ZE WOMAN MAKE ZE  
FOOL OF HEEM!  
WHAT LOUIS WANT,  
HE TAKE!



I WANTA SHOW  
YOU THE SPOT I'VE  
FOUND FOR THE  
WRESTLING MATCHES,  
DAFFY! WE'LL HAVE  
THE FIRST ONE TONIGHT!  
YOU CAN FLATTEN  
FEROCIOUS FANNY  
FOR A WARM-UP!



THERE SHE GO!  
AN' THAT LEETLE FELLER  
WEETH HER ... MEBBE IT  
EES HEEM SHE LOVE!  
BUT BIG LOUIS  
FEEX ZAT, TOO!



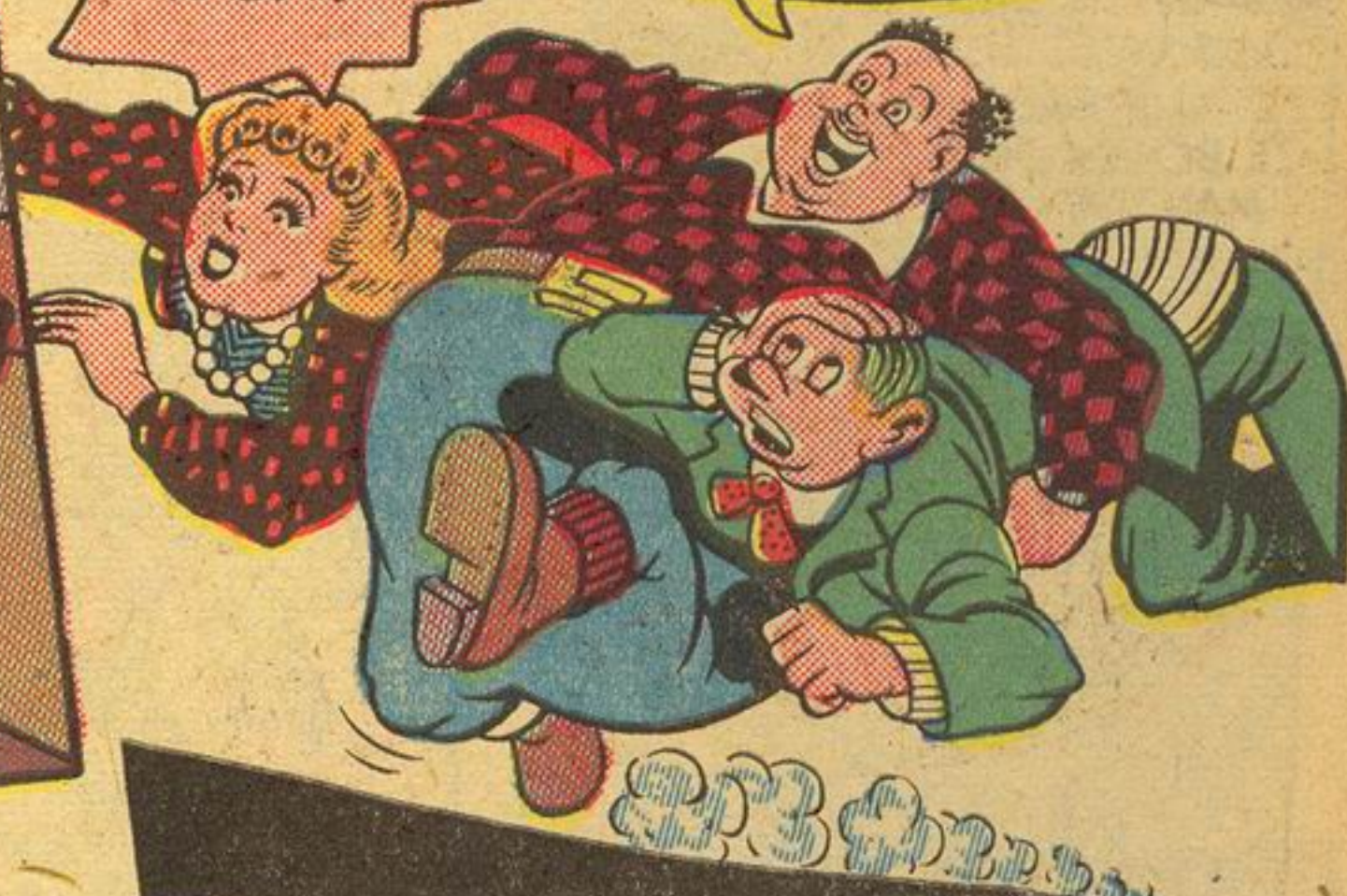
THE LOVE OF  
BIG LOUIS LAFITTE  
EES NOT TO BE  
TRIFLED WEETH!



HEY!!  
WHAT'S  
THE  
IDEA?



WE GOING TO  
HAVE ZE BEEG WEDDING  
AN' ZE BEEG FUNERAL  
TOGETHER!



HE CAN'T  
HAVE ME IN  
MIND FOR THE  
WEDDING --  
SO IT MUST  
BE THE  
'FUNERAL!'



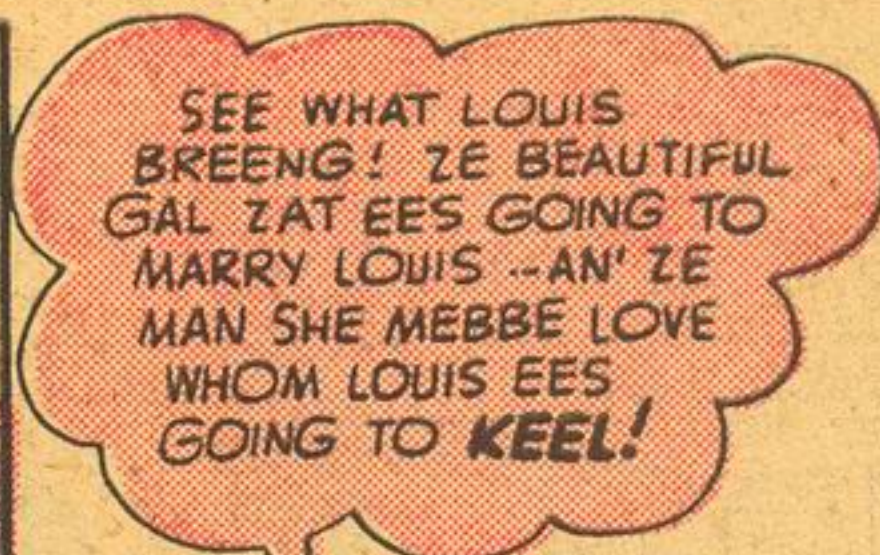
DEKE!  
WE'RE GOING  
TOO FAST TO  
JUMP OFF!







HEY! ...IT'S  
LOUIS!...



SEE WHAT LOUIS  
BREENG! ZE BEAUTIFUL  
GAL ZAT EES GOING TO  
MARRY LOUIS --AN' ZE  
MAN SHE MEBBE LOVE  
WHOM LOUIS EES  
GOING TO **KEEL!**



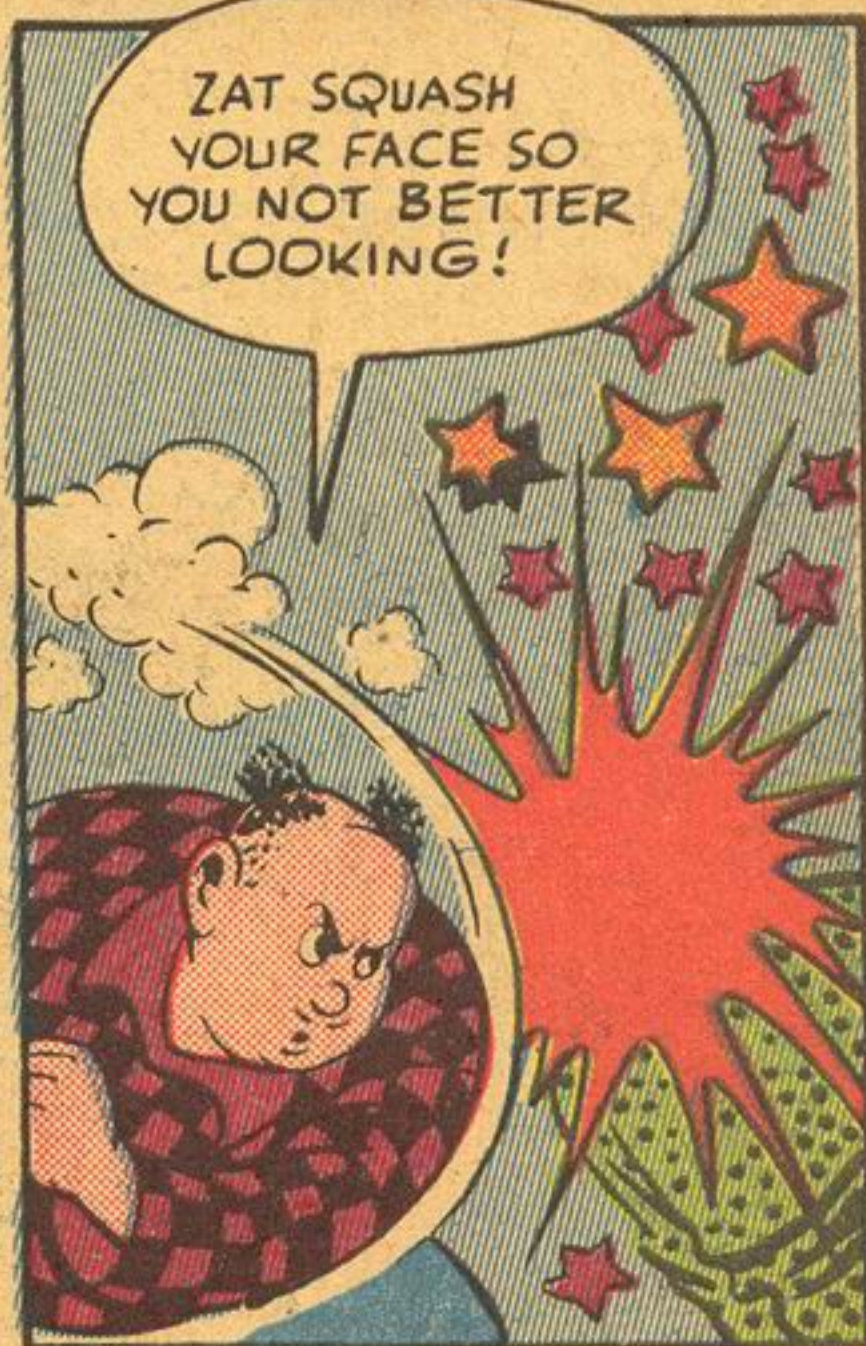
NOW...  
SOMEBODY GET  
ZE JUSTICE OF PEACE  
OUT OF BED AN' BREENG  
HEEM HERE TO MAKE  
ZE WEDDING!  
MEANWHILE, BIG  
LOUIS WEEL SPEND  
ZE TIME BREAKING  
ZE BONES OF ZE  
MAN SHE LOVE!

GOSH!  
SHE'S  
**PURTY!**  
I THINK  
I'LL MARRY  
HER  
M'SELF!



WHAT YOU  
SAY??...  
ZEES WOMAN  
SHE EES  
FOR  
LOUIS!

THAT'S WHAT  
LOUIS THINKS!  
I GOTTA IDEA  
SHE'D RUTHER  
MARRY **ME** -  
ON ACCOUNTA  
I'M BETTER  
LOOKIN'!



ZAT SQUASH  
YOUR FACE SO  
YOU NOT BETTER  
LOOKING!



**UGH!**

**UGH!**



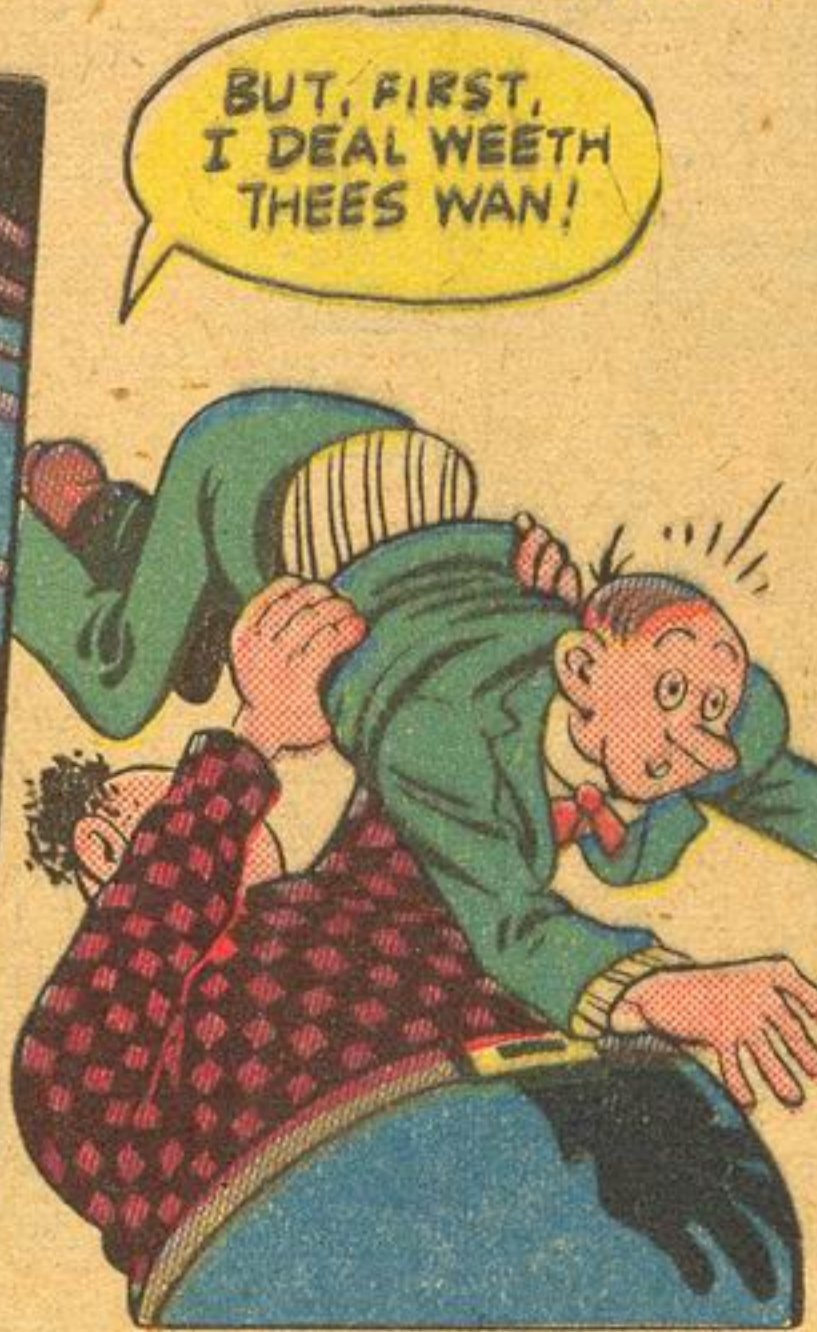
NOW YOU BELIEVE  
BIG LOUIS WHEN  
HE SAY HE MARRY  
HER ... NOT YOU!  
YES?



SMASH COMICS



YOU SEE? I FIGHT FOR YOU! I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU! SOON YOU BE MY WIFE!



BUT, FIRST, I DEAL WEETH THEES WAN!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR TOMFOOLERY, MISTER! YOU AREN'T GOING TO MARRY ME... AND YOU AREN'T GOING TO HURT DEKE!



THERE!

OOTCH!

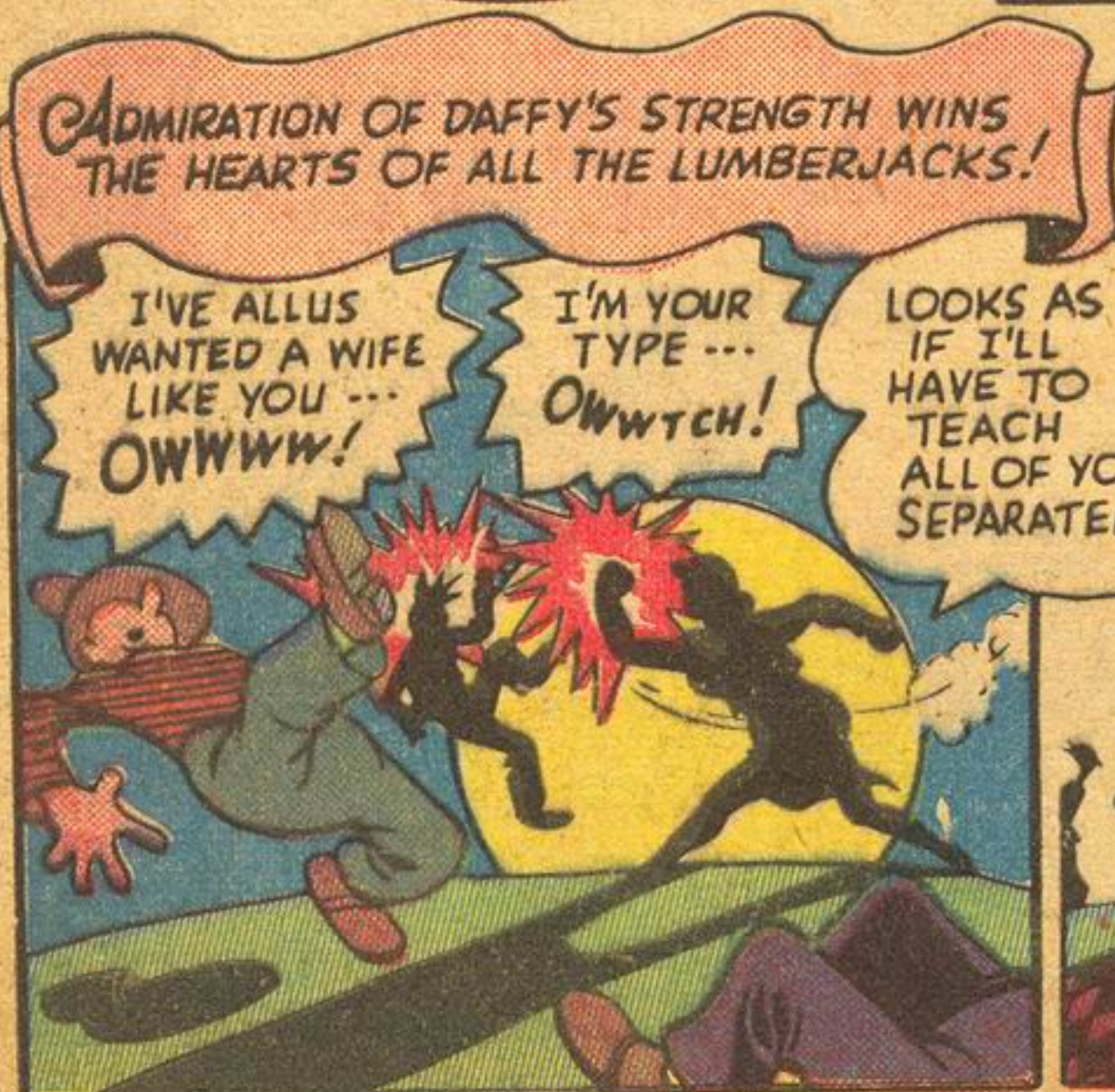


WOWIE! WHAT A GAL! NOW I KNOW I'LL MARRY YOU!



THIS OUGHT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND, TOO!

SOK



ADMIRATION OF DAFFY'S STRENGTH WINS THE HEARTS OF ALL THE LUMBERJACKS!

I'VE ALLUS WANTED A WIFE LIKE YOU ... OWWWW!

I'M YOUR TYPE ... OWWTCH!

LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO TEACH ALL OF YOU SEPARATELY!



LET'S GIT OUT O' HERE! THAT GAL IS MURDER!!



Later...

ALL THE MEN HAVE RUN AWAY!... THEY'RE AFRAID TO COME NEAR DAFFY! AS FOR ME, I'M HER PAL, FROM NOW ON!

SHE'S TOO TOUGH FOR ME, ANYWAY!

OH-OH! THAT MEANS NO WRESTLING MATCH!!

AND THAT MEANS NO MONEY! MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO ROUGH WITH THE BOYS!



★ HERE'S NEWS! READ ALL ABOUT IT

# THESE CAN BE YOURS

and  
**MONEY**  
too!



Look them over, Fellers! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

All you have to do to earn Prizes like these, and a Cash Income of your own is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time, and will not interfere with school or other activities. Why, in no time at all, you'll have a business of your own, a regular income, and Prizes that will be the envy of all your buddies.

## BOYS START NOW HERE'S HOW

Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupon, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 33, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

**CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY**

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 33  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) Postal  
Unit No. \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) If your city is so divided.

**GET STARTED NOW**



# Captain Tootsie and the HAUNTED HOUSE

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK

**MIDNIGHT... CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND ROLLO ARE ON A LONELY ROAD... AND A STORM IS BREWING!**

RAIN! LET'S TAKE SHELTER HERE!

B-B-BUT THIS IS THE H-HAUNTED HOUSE!

LISTEN! G-G-GHOSTS!

CREAK! CREAK!

NONSENSE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! A SPOOK RATTLING CHAINS!

MUST BE IN THE CELLAR... LET'S GO SEE!

CLANK! CLANKITY-CLANK!

SHHHHH!

POOR ROLLO... HE'S SCARED SPEECHLESS!

TOOT-SEEE!

NOW, ROLLO, WE'LL OPEN THIS DOOR, AND... THAT WHISTLE! ROLLO'S IN TROUBLE!

CUT OUT DE WHISTLIN' OR YOU'LL BE A GHOST YUHSELF!

RELEASE THAT BOY!

OWRRR!

NO WONDER HE TRIED TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY... HE'S BEEN MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

YEP, THESE BANKROLLS ARE COUNTERFEIT-BUT THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT TOOTSIE ROLLS... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS GOLD!

TOOT-SEE-GLURG!

CLANKY CLANK!

**KIDS, IT'S NEW-TOOTSIE VM**

IT MAKES MILK TASTE LIKE CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

AND LOOK WHAT ITS VITAMINS GIVE YOU

- A** THE RESISTANCE VITAMIN
- B<sub>1</sub>** THE APPETITE VITAMIN
- B<sub>2</sub>** THE GROWTH VITAMIN
- D** THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN

PLUS-IRON, THE "RED BLOOD MINERAL," CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS AND NIACIN.

GROW UP TO BE A BIG, TALL, HUSKY GUY LIKE ME!

NO RATION POINTS AT YOUR GROCERS